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REVIEWS.

A NEW STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE.

William Shakespeare: A Critical Study. By George Brandes. 2 vols. (Heinemann.)

HERR GEORGE BRANDES is a Danish scholar of repute, and this book, published a year or two ago in Denmark and in Germany, has already won high praise from continental critics. The English translation is issued under the superintendence of Mr. William Archer, to whose critical ability and facile pen readers in this country already owe some of what is best in Scandinavian literature. The work was thoroughly well worth translating. It is an admirable and exhaustive survey of its subject, carried out in accordance with modern method, and on the level of modern information. Writing less, we may suppose, for professed students than for general readers, Herr Brandes does not as a rule burden his pages with detailed references to the sources from which his facts are drawn; but he is for the most part extremely accurate, and whoso would go further may supplement him with Mr. Sidney Lee's excellent article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

Herr Brandes begins with the usual lament as to our ignorance of the details of Shakespeare's life; a lament, by the way, which is, as he is careful to point out, a little in excess of what the facts warrant. After all, we probably know as much about Shakespeare as we do about any of his contemporaries who was not, like Bacon, something besides a mere man of letters. Nevertheless, the numerous records and documents which an indefatigable antiquarianism has disinterred do leave us still very much in the dark.

"We do not know for certain either when he left Stratford or when he returned to Stratford from London. We do not know for certain whether he ever went abroad, ever visited Italy. We do not know the name of a single woman whom he loved during all his years in London. We do not know for certain to whom his Sonnets are addressed. We can see that as he advanced in life his prevailing mood became gloomier, but we do not know the reason. Later on, his temper seems to grow more serene, but we cannot tell why. We can form but tentative conjectures as to the order in which his works were produced, and can only with the greatest difficulty determine their

approximate dates. We do not know what made him so careless of his fame as he seems to have been. We only know that he himself did not publish his dramatic works, and that he does not even mention them in his will."

Like other recent biographers of Shakespeare, Herr Brandes attempts to piece out the meagre records from the internal evidence of the plays themselves, and to reconstruct the history of the poet's "mind and art" as it is reflected in these. The task, only rendered possible at all by the labour of Malone, and of a century of scholars since Malone, in establishing the chronological order in which the plays were written, is a delicate one. The personal and the dramatic in Shakespeare's work are so curiously and subtly interwoven and entangled. Occasionally Herr Brandes seems to us to overstep the limits of permissible conjecture. But as a rule he is discreet, and exercises judgment as well as knowledge in his undertaking. And his wealth of illustrative reading enables him to reproduce very vividly and convincingly the historical and social surroundings in which the plays were written. The excursions on Shakespeare's great contemporaries, Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher, the accounts of the Essex rebellion and of the unpleasant career of Frances Howard, Countess of Essex, are admirable examples of concise incidental narrative.

Probably the fairest way of estimating the character and value of the book will be briefly to follow Herr Brandes' survey. The facts, ascertained and conjectured, of Shakespeare's parentage and boyhood are somewhat cursorily narrated, and one feels that hardly sufficient justice has been done to the importance of the Warwickshire county life as a factor, an early and vital factor, in the poet's development. Mr. D. H. Madden's delightful *Diary of Mr. William Silence* must be a corrective to Herr Brandes here. There follows a good account of Shakespeare's early years in London, of his journeyman-work at the tinkering up of old plays, of the marked influence upon him of Marlowe and of Lyly, of his first experimental essays in comedy. The period that follows is less satisfactorily treated. Herr Brandes recognises the probability that Shakespeare went to Italy and the influence which Italy exercised upon his impressionable genius; but he does not succeed in bringing out the full importance of this crisis or in giving anything like a reasonably intelligible account of the growth of Shakespeare's art between 1592 and 1596: and this is simply because he has got some of his dates wrong. "The first plays," he says, "in which we seem to find traces of Italian travel are 'The Taming of the Shrew' and 'The Merchant of Venice,' the former written at latest in 1596, the latter almost certainly in that or the following year." Now there can be little doubt that if the Italian journey took place at all, it must have been during the closing of the theatres for the plague in 1592-3. Is it likely that the Italian influence would wait a couple of years to declare itself in the plays? We venture to think that a careful analysis of all the evidence will show that, with the exception of "The

Comedy of Errors," all the early plays in which Shakespeare is not simply re-handling or continuing other men's work are properly dated after and not before this journey. This is not the place to work out this theory in detail; but it may be pointed out that Herr Brandes would make "Venus and Adonis," "Romeo and Juliet," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" all as early as 1591. Now modern scholars are practically unanimous in dating "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in 1594 or 1595; and to suppose that either of the other two can possibly have been written before Shakespeare's work on "Henry VI.," which the testimony of Greene and Nash enables us to fix pretty definitely in 1592, is surely to give up the problem of Shakespeare's style altogether. The real difficulty lies in "Love's Labour's Lost," but the supposed reasons for putting this in 1589 are quite unconvincing; we feel sure that 1593-4 will turn out to be more nearly the proper date. There are many admirable passages in Herr Brandes' account of Shakespeare's early work, but he seems to us to have failed in getting the proper perspective and unity of the whole period.

With the historical plays he comes into the light again, and all the rest of the book is extremely good and suggestive. Like most critics, Herr Brandes finds in the great group of comedies with which the century closes Shakespeare's time of completest spiritual harmony:

"If the reader would picture to himself Shakespeare's mood during this short space of time at the end of the old century and beginning of the new, let him recall some morning when he has awakened with the sensation of complete physical well-being, not only feeling no definite or indefinite pain or uneasiness, but with a positive consciousness of happy activity in all his organs; when he drew his breath lightly, his head was clear and free, his heart beat peacefully; when the mere act of living was a delight; when the soul dwelt on happy moments in the past and dreamed of joys to come. Recall such a moment, and then conceive it intensified an hundredfold—conceive your memory, imagination, observation, acuteness, and power of expression a hundred times multiplied—and you may divine Shakespeare's prevailing mood in those days, when the brighter and happier sides of his nature were turned to the sun."

Again, speaking of the incomparable types of womanhood which fill these comedies, Herr Brandes says:

"He was doubtless in love at the time—as he had probably been all his life through—but his love was not an overmastering passion like Romeo's, nor did it depress him with that half-despairing feeling of the unworthiness of its object which he betrays in his Sonnets; nor, again, was it the airy ecstasy of youthful imagination that ran riot in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' No, it was a happy love, which filled his head as well as his heart, accompanied with joyous admiration for the wit and vivacity of the beloved one, for her graciousness and distinction. Her coquetry is gay, her heart is excellent, and her intelligence so quick that she seems to be wit incarnate in the form of a woman."

Herr Brandes then proceeds to study the gradual overshadowing of this large Shakespearean serenity, the intrusion of the note

of bitterness and disillusion, the slow unrolling of the long line of tragedies and mirthless comedies, through which the pessimism swells and intensifies itself, until it finally bursts into the tempestuous denunciations of "Timon of Athens." Herr Brandes finds one source of the tragic mood in the fall of Essex and of Shakespeare's earliest patron, Southampton, with whose interests he conceives Shakespeare to have been closely bound up; another in the moral corruption of the English Court under James the First; yet another in the drama of the poet's own life darkly shadowed forth in the Sonnets. Herr Brandes does not, however, suppose that the Sonnets in any way relate to Southampton. On the contrary, as Mr. Tyler has already pointed out in the ACADEMY, he is a warm supporter of the Pembroke-Fitton theory. The value of his adhesion is, however, rather discounted by the fact that he appears to take his version of the evidence wholesale from Mr. Tyler, borrowing, for instance, the mistaken ascription of a copy of Donne's verses to Lord Pembroke. And, of course, the book was written before Lady Newdegate-Newdigate's evidence that Mary Fitton was not "black" was made public.

Finally, Herr Brandes gives an excellent account of Shakespeare's return to Stratford, and of the renewed optimism which characterises his later plays. He concludes with a declaration that, after all, we do know something of the poet's individuality:

"The William Shakespeare who was born at Stratford-on-Avon in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who lived and wrote in her reign and that of James, who ascended into heaven in his comedies and descended into hell in his tragedies, and died at the age of fifty-two in his native town, rises a wonderful personality in grand and distinct outlines, with all the vivid colouring of life, from the pages of his books, before the eyes of all who read them with an open, receptive mind, with sanity of judgment and simple susceptibility to the power of genius."

We have only been able to follow the main outline of Herr Brandes' book. Upon his copious and interesting digressions into contemporary history, or his penetrating criticisms of individual plays, we have no room to touch. The book is a valuable contribution to Shakespearean literature, and essential to every reader who is competent to distinguish what in it is fact from what is merely a legitimate exercise of reconstructive conjecture. For those not so competent it would, perhaps, be dangerous. The style is capital, full of colour and of life. And a word of praise is due to the fine translation, in which Mr. Archer has been assisted by Miss Diana White and Miss Mary Morison.

A HIGHLAND LADY.

Memoirs of a Highland Lady: the Autobiography of Elizabeth Grant, of Rothiemurchus, 1797-1830. Edited by Lady Strachey. (John Murray.)

THE Grants of Rothiemurchus are a younger branch of that great house of Grant which, by judicious obedience to the powers

that were, succeeded in keeping their lands in the North at times when more hot-headed clans were disinherited. Rothiemurchus itself is a beautiful place among pine woods, and the stock which dwelt there has always been a vigorous one, giving many honest soldiers and less conspicuously honest lawyers to history. This book is the autobiography of a lady of the house, written many years later—a sort of chronicle of youth and childhood and the doings of Highland gentle-folk in England and at home in the far-off days of the early century.

The extraordinary thing about the chronicle is its entire simplicity. One might compare it with the gossip of Dorothy Osborne or the memoirs of another Highland lady of the same clan, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, who told the story of the Prince's arrival at Gortuleg after Culloden; but it would be hard to parallel the unadorned veracity. Miss Grant of Rothiemurchus has no care for the figure she cuts in the reader's eye. She confesses to naive tastes in literature with absolute frankness; she never affects interest or knowledge she does not possess; and she is quite open with her dislikes. In its way the chronicle is a very intimate one, for it tells the whole inner history of a respectably important family, tells it, too, with no omission of darker scenes, till one is fairly forced into a lively interest in the whole kin. We hear of the early days in Lincoln's Inn Fields and of the holidays at watering-places; then of the long years in the Highlands, varied with seasons in Edinburgh and occasional jaunts further south; and then, at the last, of the money troubles, consequent upon an injudicious union of Highland hospitality with political ambition, of the Indian judgeship for the father, and of the marriage of the diarist, when "Eliza Grant" takes final leave of us. It is not easy to separate the purely literary qualities of the book from the extraneous interest of the matter. The style is without art, but direct, vivid, and at times fired with a genuine emotion. Parts might have been left out without hurting the book; but, as it was originally published for the family, there is reason for its completeness. But even as it stands there is a certain rough unity of effect in each part of the memoirs, which is the product not of art but of a faithful memory.

By far the best are the Rothiemurchus chapters; but the early days in England were not without interest. The children were brought up on a Spartan plan—up at six, cold water summer and winter, and a breakfast of porridge. But they were a set of little madcaps even in those prim days, and were none the worse for the training. The long journeys between the Highlands and London gave food for child's fancy. What impressed the small Elizabeth in Edinburgh was the "size and brightness and cleanliness of the houses, and the quantity of gooseberries to be bought for a penny." Nowadays the houses are not particularly bright and clean, and the present writer never found gooseberries cheaper there than elsewhere. She meets Lord Lovat, is much impressed, and little wonder, for he was the good man who persisted in believing himself a hen, and sat hatching eggs by the hour in a nest which

he had made in his carriage. In 1810, she went with her sister to Oxford to stay with the Master of University, and a dreary place she found it. "Two facts struck me, young as I was, during our residence in Oxford," she writes, "the ultra-Tory politics and the stupidity and frivolity of the society." She carried on a child's flirtation with a young gentleman who played the French horn; and she was much shocked by young Mr. Shelley:

"The ringleader in every species of mischief within our grave walls was Mr. Shelley, afterwards so celebrated, though I should think to the end half-crazy. He was very insubordinate at University, always infringing some rule, the breaking of which he knew would not be overlooked. He was slovenly in his dress, and when spoken to about these and other irregularities, he was in the habit of making such extraordinary gestures, expressive of his humility under reproof, as to overset first the gravity and then the temper of the tutor."

Soon after, the whole family retired to the Highlands for good, and the next few chapters give a very pleasant account of life at Rothiemurchus, where civilisation had not yet wholly driven away old customs. On the way to the North the father read *Childe Harold* (then newly out) to the children:

"I was not given to poetry generally," says the chronicler; "then, as now, it required 'thoughts that rouse and words that burn' to affect me with aught but weariness; but, when, after a second reading of this passage my father closed the pamphlet for a moment, saying, 'This is poetry!' I felt that he was right and resolved to look the whole poem over some day at leisure."

The whole tale of the journey is excellently and freshly done; and so, too, the account of the simple household and its retainers, among them

"old John Mackintosh who brought in all the wood and peat for the fires, pumped the water, turned the mangle, lighted the oven, brewed the beer, bottled the whiskey, kept the yard tidy, and stood enraptured listening to us playing on the harp 'like David!'"

The Grants were a remarkable clan, for the cotters' and foresters' sons had a queer habit of suddenly leaving home, and generally getting somehow or other to India, whence they returned Generals and Baronets and men of fortune. Nothing, indeed, in the whole book is so extraordinary as the impression given of the vigour of these Highland adventurers, who rarely returned from the great world beyond the hills without some very substantial prize. Distinctions between classes, too, were not rigid in the North. Miss Grant has a deep scorn of the English lower and middle classes, but in Scotland all are gentlefolk—a belief which probably originated in the clan feeling which bound the humblest Grant to his chief. And, certainly, we find barefooted Highland girls making great marriages, and every social barrier turned topsy-turvy.

There are many vivid little descriptions of scene and life in these pages, for Miss Grant had a seeing eye and some skill in words. Take this of the Highland kirk:

"The girls had a custom in the spring of washing their beautiful hair with a decoction

of the young buds of the birch trees. I do not know if it improved or hurt the hair, but it agreeably scented the kirk, which at other times was wont to be overpowered by the combined odours of snuff and peat-reek, for the men snuffed immensely during the delivery of the English sermon; they fed their noses with quills fastened by strings to the lids of their mulls; spooning up the snuff in quantities and without waste. The old women snuffed too, and groaned a great deal to express their mental sufferings, their grief for all the blackslidings supposed to be thundered at from the pulpit; lapses from faith was their grand self-accusation, lapses from virtue were, alas! little commented on; temperance and chastity were not in the Highland code of morality."

Both in the Highlands and in Edinburgh, where the family went in the season, there was no lack of great folk to be seen. Across the river at Kinrara the famous Duchess of Gordon—the friend of Burns—entertained large house parties. The writer's comments on people are forcible and plain-spoken. She objected to Lord Tweeddale because "he had that flat Maitland face, which when it once gets into a family, never can be got out of it." The account of the old Edinburgh society is entertaining. She classifies it into sets—the exclusive, the card-playing, the quiet country-gentleman, the fashionable, and the literary. She met all varieties—the Jeffreys; Sir David Brewster; the crazy Lord Buchan, who collected such relics as a tooth of Queen Mary's and a bone of James the Fifth; Harry Erskine; John Clerk of Eldin (about whom she has many stories to tell); and Sir Walter himself. There is also a well-drawn portrait of Canning, whom she met in Holland. She is most fearless in confessing her opinions. She confesses that she found *Waverley* intolerably dull. Peter the Great she thought only a "lunatic barbarian"; Coleridge, whom she met at Highgate, is "a poor, mad poet, who never held his tongue, but stood pouring out a deluge of words meaning nothing, with eyes on fire and his silver hair streaming down to his waist." The chief thing that impressed her about Edward Irving was that he was "very dirty." She is severe on the two Sobieski Stuarts, and is highly scornful about their pedigree; but one might say something on the other side. Her sister Jane goes to Abbotsford on a visit:

"Jane was in an ecstasy the whole time. Sir Walter Scott took to her, as who would not? They rode together on two rough ponies with the Ettrick Shepherd and all the dogs, and Sir Walter gave her all the Border legends, and she corrected his mistakes about the Highlands."

We have left ourselves little space to quote any of Miss Grant's stories. The book is not all comedy, for the account of the final parting from Rothiemurchus has a pathetic simplicity which cannot fail to move the most casual reader. But the prevailing tone is a cheerful one, and we would take leave of the pleasant company by setting down two out of the many excellent tales:

"A coach was started by some enterprising person to run from the 'Duke's Arms' at Dunkeld to Blair during the summer season. The announcement read as follows: 'Pleasing intelligence. The Duchess of Athol starts

every morning from the "Duke's Arms" at eight o'clock."

The other is told of Lord Eldin:

"Some one having died, a man of birth and fortune in the West Country, celebrated in his life for drawing pretty freely with the long-bow, it was remarked that the heir had buried him with much pomp, and had ordered for his remains a handsome monument; 'wi' an epitaph,' said John Clerk, in his broadest Border dialect; 'he must hae an epitaph, an appropriate epitaph, an' we'll change the exordium out o' respect. Instead o' the usual *Here lies*, we'll begin his epitaph wi' *Here continues to lie*.'"

GOSSIP OF THE GREAT.

Auld Lang Syne. By the Right Hon. Prof. F. Max Müller. (Longmans, Green, & Co.)

Notes from a Diary—1873-1881. By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. 2 vols. (John Murray.)

THE Professor and the Politician of these title-pages are new comrades, but old friends. They have met in social life with frequency, and they have played the part of guest and of host to each other. One wrote his "Recollections" during a time of convalescence; the other kept a "Diary"; and at the end, strange to say, there is nothing in the matter of actuality to choose between the two books. The Diarist's notes are deliberate and set, so far as they go; you have no tension in reading them; no pause, no delay leading to a dramatic climax. It often happens, indeed, that something is set down of which you are not given the bare fact of the sequel. That is the pitfall of the current historian: dealing with familiar things, he is discouraged by the fact of their familiarity, and treats them merely fragmentarily where, if he were an artist, he would treat them sketchily.

Prof. Max Müller's method gives him the chance of appearing as a more or less complete story teller. There is plenty of entertainment to be got out of his book by the casual reader, not always, indeed, consciously provided by the Professor. A man so eminent in his own department of learning has a certain borrowed interest, even when he is telling the story of a sixpence won from the Prince of Wales (a sixpence still carefully preserved), and of the thrilling moment when the Prince laughed, at an Academy banquet, while the Professor was speaking, and, for the moment, put him out of countenance. That pause seems to have been less awful than the Professor feared, and may even rank in history with Macaulay's "flashes of silence," since Browning is quoted for the assurance that it gave life to the speech. The reader who can accustom himself to a large tolerance for a German's attitude towards Royalty, may yet lose patience when music is discussed with a cock-sureness of which one specimen is more than enough. The Professor could "never learn to enjoy Wagner, except now and then in one of his lucid intervals." But he is not

content with the mere confession. "Would Mendelssohn have admired Wagner? Would Beethoven have listened to his music, would Bach have tolerated it? Yet these were musicians too." Of all futilities, that kind of vacant surmise is surely the greatest. The Professor boldly prints the mutton-chop story, which has secured for his name a severe omission from the pages of Lord Tennyson's biography; and elsewhere in the book is a candour—sometimes a candour of partisanship—which keeps the Tennyson reminiscences company. The note of "I told you so" prevails; and such interviews as that which he had with Darwin leave the reader's sympathy with the evolutionist, whose blunders about origins of speech the Professor was no doubt fully competent to discover and declare. For one must not forget, however tempted at times, that a serious reputation has been earned by the writer of these Reminiscences. They are readable enough; they deal with men of repute; they range over wide fields; but they have their limitations in the writer's own temperament. His are eyes that do not see below the surface of things, and ears that hear but do not overhear.

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff has a more understanding heart than his friend the Professor, but perhaps not quite so cool a head. All gentle things in men and women are particularly dear to him. The sentiment of Mrs. Craven's "Sister's Story" has entered his bones: the allusions to it are frequent and are charged with feeling. Sir Mountstuart's literary tastes are given with some iteration—and the critic may wish he was as certain about anything as his Diarist is about everything. At one time he is lamenting that he meets no really good poetry; and one at once recalls what was being done at the time by Tennyson, Browning, and Rossetti. If these did not suffice for the Diarist he had, however, his consolations. He quotes a good deal of the verse of the Earl of Lytton, whose house at Knebworth he hired. Also, one day, he met the Archbishop of Dublin, who "was quite full of a little gipsy song." Archbishops ought to know; and Sir Mountstuart got the song "which deserves," he says, "all that the Archbishop says of it":

"If I were your little baby
And you were my mother old,
Would you give me a kiss, my darling?
'Oh, sir, you are much too bold!'
'But as you are not my mother,
And as I am not your son,'—
'Oh, that is a different matter;
Maybe I'll give you one.'"

Another glimpse into the poetical preferences of Governors of Madras. "Someone of Tory opinions" read one day the following acrostic:

"G was the great man-mountain of mind,
L a logician expert and refined;
A was an adept in rhetoric's art,
D was the dark spot he had in his heart;
S was the subtlety led him astray,
T was the truth which he bartered away;
O was the cypher his conscience became;
N the new light which enlightened the same;
E was the evil one shouting with joy:
At it, and down with it, Gladstone, my boy!"

A young lady, of Liberal opinions, who heard these lines "went to a table" and wrote a counter-blast:

"G is the genius that governs the nation,
L is the lords that require education,
A is the animus raised by the great,
D is the donkeys who fear for the State,
S is the standard that Liberals raise;
T is the Tories who howl in dispraise;
O's Opposition wanting a head,
N is the nation, not driven, but led;
E is old England shouting for joy:
Stick to the Government, Gladstone, my boy!"

It is this last version, puerile and irrelevant of its own class, that the excellent Liberal Privy Councillor stamps with his approval—"an extremely clever acoustic."

Of another poet the Diarist makes mention at this time, but in his capacity as a journalist. "Among others with us to-day at Hampden was Edwin Arnold, who told us that the *Daily Telegraph* is at this moment negotiating to buy Babylon." "What next?" asked the amazed Diarist, needlessly as it now seems. That was twenty-five years ago, and the negotiations are not yet completed.

Disraeli not only looked a sphinx, but became one to observers of the Diarist's order. Nevertheless, Sir Mountstuart manages to give a good many anecdotes, though mostly old ones, about "the Chief." Some of the stories currently told are here further authenticated by the naming of the authorities for them. It was to Lord Aberdare that the new Lord Beaconsfield said he felt that he was dead, but in the Elysian fields. Once Sir Mountstuart met Sir William Harcourt on his way to Hughenden, whither Disraeli had invited him, desiring, as he said, to have the countenance of the staunchest Protestant of his acquaintance at the re-opening of his church—with its ritualistic rector. Our Diarist should have seen Sir William after, not before, the visit, about which he told his friends some most excellent stories, some of which we hope may have been taken down; but that is the luck of this Diarist again and again. Plunket, once Solicitor-General for Ireland, sat next Disraeli when Mr. Biggar first rose to address the House. "What is that creature?" asked the Chief, and, on being told, replied: "Oh, I thought it was a Leprehaun, one of the things that come out in the moonlight to dance with the fairies." The old story of Disraeli's early saying that he meant to be Prime Minister of England is given here by Sir Mountstuart on the authority of Venables, who had it from Mrs. Norton, who herself introduced Disraeli to Lord Melbourne, whose query, "What's your ambition?" called forth the reply prophetic. "A political finishing-governess," was Disraeli's first impression of John Stuart Mill. On another page we seem to have the shadow of Robert Orange:

"Dined at the Athenæum with Butler Johnstone. We talked much of Ralph Earle; his joining the Roman Communion upon his death-bed, among other things. Ralph Earle, my sail with whom in his caïque from Therapia to the Simplegades remains among my most poetical recollections, was one of the most interesting Englishmen I have known in public

life. He passed into the Diplomatic service under circumstances peculiarly creditable to himself. He left to become Private Secretary to Disraeli, who had completely fascinated his boyish imagination. Later he came into Parliament, and was made secretary to the Poor Law Board. The year after he quarrelled with Disraeli, under circumstances of which I heard an intelligible account this evening for the first time, and left the Government with Lord Salisbury and Lord Carnarvon. He then took to Financial Diplomacy, by which he made a considerable sum of money. He had statesmanlike abilities of a higher order than almost any man on his side of politics, but he was born in the wrong century; he ought to have been the secretary, the confidential agent, and at length, perhaps, the successful rival of Alberoni."

The real nature of the quarrel between the Chief and his former devotee is, oddly, but characteristically enough, withheld.

Sir Mountstuart's Indian reminiscences are not included in these volumes. But he has notes on various Continental tours, including a stay in Paris, where Mr. John Morley presented him to Gambetta; and he met many Americans and had an apt ear for their good sayings. Lowell, for instance, speaking of English cathedrals at a breakfast party, happily said: "Ely is like a monster which has crawled out of the fens and is sunning itself on the edge. Lichfield is like a swan." It was a Swedish minister, who, when there was gossip about a marriage between the old Duchess of Sutherland and Garibaldi, and when someone said: "Impossible, he has a wife already," retorted, "Put up Gladstone to explain her away." The Diarist had a large acquaintance, not merely among Parliament men, but among authors, ecclesiastics, and particularly botanists, whose business was his pleasure. His acquaintance with royalties is as large as Prof. Max Müller's, but is touched upon more lightly. He should, however, pay the Count de Flandre the compliment of spelling his name correctly in a new edition; where also Schumann's name, instead of Schubert's, should be printed as the composer of music for Heine's "Beiden Grenadiere"; and where a French gender, on p. 272 of the same volume, should have revision.

A NOTABLE BOOK.

Dreamers of the Ghetto. By Israel Zangwill. (William Heinemann.)

So long as the engine of international finance remains under Jewish control; so long as public opinion is medicated by Jewish influence exerted over the Press of Europe; so long as the Ghetto of Poland and the Pale contain the saddest millions on the earth's surface; so long will the Jews continue to be the most interesting race among men. A people who baffled the Pharaohs, foiled Nebuchadnezzar, thwarted Rome, defeated feudalism, circumvented the Romanoffs, financed Columbus in his discovery of America, baulked the Kaiser, and undermined the third French Republic, supplies ample reason for curiosity. Exposed to constant social persecution and

to proselytisation at the hands of opulent fanatics who have not the humour to perceive that the spread of Christianity among Christians would be the more appropriate object for their missionary activities, the Jews are more often brought before the notice of the public by painful incidents than by the charm of a Hebrew personality, or the achievements of a Jewish genius.

Mr. Zangwill has given us an exception to this rule. In a weekly paper he recently informed us that he was the son of an East End Jew. Readers of the *Dreamers of the Ghetto* will become acquainted with a new attraction belonging to the destitute alien and his descendants. How many destitute immigrants from Warsaw or Berdicheff may be set off against Mr. Zangwill's latest contribution to the delight of the reading world, I cannot undertake to say. No one can rise from reading the *Dreamers of the Ghetto* without perceiving that he has been in the presence of a master.

The majority of Mr. Zangwill's fifteen stories are based on history. He has worked the mine of Graetz, the historian of the Jews, to good effect. He has sunk shafts into the bed rock of that dull and industrious writer; and, without changing the material extracted, has imparted to it an element peculiar to himself alone. Mr. Zangwill is the prose poet of atmosphere. He lifts the air from the seventeenth century: he enables us to breathe it. The blue skies of Smyrna, the waters of Venice, the colour and form of mediæval Rome, the aroma of Poland, of Portugal, and of the Hague are reproduced, not by a painstaking and conscientious artist, but with the pencil of one touched with the divine afflatus. How he does it, and under what rules he produces his effects, I do not know, but it is there. Still, the genius is Oriental: Semitic, not Aryan. The fires are lambent; they illuminate, but do not warm. Perhaps one reason is an inexplicable prolixity. In one of the best of these stories, "A Child of the Ghetto," is a paragraph of 252 lines of solid print; but it is a paragraph that the school-boys of 1898 would do well to learn by heart.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude. The Jew has always borne adversity with distinction. Prosperity, coupled with his passionate desire to shine and the greed and ignorance of Christians, is his curse, and may yet be his ruin. Prosperity to the Hebrew race seems to have a hereditary and baleful effect in killing spiritual life. The prosperous Jews of England and the Continent look down, for the most part, with contempt upon the yearning of the poorer and persecuted members of their race for the fulfilment of the Messianic prophecies and the return to the Holy Land.

Whenever prosperity is alleged against the Jews, the invariable rejoinder is to point out the extreme poverty of the majority of the race. In France the Jews are one eight-hundredth of the population. They own one quarter of the wealth of the land. In England agricultural decay, imported food, industrial inflation, congested cities, and a democracy impotent to provide its own means of subsistence, form the soil

upon which the Jews flourish, and constitute an irresistible attraction to the persecuted Hebrews of other lands. The Huguenot immigrants of 1685 were completely absorbed in the population at the end of the second generation. As much cannot be said of the bulk of the English Jews. A few families, as remarkable for public spirit and refinement as for wealth, have given to Englishmen some idea of what the Jew may become when rooted in the country no less by affection and patriotism than by interest. In Austria-Hungary the Jew, like his brethren all the world over, is an adept in the art of "getting on." An Austrian friend said the other day, "They have certainly all the money and most of the brains." Mr. Sidney Whitman says that were it not for the kindly assistance of Jewish bankers most of the noble manufacturers could not carry on their business at all. The Jews are all powerfully represented in every walk of life that leads to influence and fortune. The great business houses, the banks, such railways as are in private hands, are all controlled by them. Mr. Zangwill himself asked the editor of the Buda-Pesth newspaper, the *Pesther Lloyd*, "Have you any Christians on your staff?" "I think we have one," was the editor's reply.

In Russia and Poland the condition of the Jewish race presents a vivid contrast to the plethoric prosperity they have attained in freer lands. Within the last few days a deputation of Russian Jews have submitted to the Minister of the Interior a memorandum in which it is demonstrated that the present situation cannot be allowed to last much longer. Over five millions of Jews, who are increasing at four times the rate of the Russians—themselves the most prolific of civilised nations—are submerged in hopeless misery from the sheer pressure of existence. Seven years ago the conduct of Russia was arraigned before the public opinion of Europe in terms since applied to Turkey for her treatment of the Armenians. Russia has not altered her ways by a hair's breadth, but there is a conspiracy to suppress the actual state of misery suffered by the Jewish millions imprisoned in the big Ghetto of Central Europe, perhaps because when Russia needed money she obtained it from the Jews—£16,000,000 sterling were guaranteed by Jewish firms. Excellent excuses are advanced why the Jews supply subsidies to the Russian persecutor; but the fact remains that the Jews in Eastern Europe are in a calamitous state of destitution and misery, that their agony attracts no attention, and that they are degenerating morally, physically, and intellectually. Prosperous Jews make no sign.

Under these circumstances the appearance of such a book as the *Dreamers of the Ghetto* is of service, not only to English literature, but also to the suffering majority of a race destined to become predominant in the counsels of the world. Anything that attracts attention to the Jews is indirectly a benefit to the suffering millions of the Pale. The silent tragedy that continues year after year is approaching its end, and it cannot be long before Russia herself will be compelled to deal with the

Jewish question on statesmanlike lines. Mr. Zangwill, though a chronicler of dreamers, is too much an artist to be himself the victim of sterile speculation. The Jew hatred of the Russian Government is fructifying: its harvest is at hand. That the ripening process will be assisted by the sunshine of Mr. Zangwill's genius is perhaps the strongest tribute to the value of his *Dreamers of the Ghetto*.

ARNOLD WHITE.

PLAYS, ACTABLE AND OTHERWISE.

The Princess and the Butterfly. By Arthur Wing Pinero. (Heinemann.)

Macaire. By W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson. (Heinemann.)

Godefrói and Yolande. By Laurence Irving. (Lane.)

Hernani. By Victor Hugo. Translated into English Verse by R. Farquharson Sharp. (Richards.)

THE accidents of the publishing season have brought it about that four plays, representing widely different dramatic methods and schools, have reached us more or less at the same moment. Two of them—Mr. Pinero's *The Princess and the Butterfly*, and Mr. Laurence Irving's *Godefrói and Yolande*—are now published for the first time. Of the others, Messrs. Henley and Stevenson's *Macaire* is already known to those who are interested in what is called "Literary Drama," while Victor Hugo's *Hernani*, which Mr. R. F. Sharp has attempted to render into English blank verse, is well known alike on the stage and in the study, and must always retain its interest for students of literature, if only as the first-fruits of "1830," and the Romantic movement in French drama.

All who are interested in the revival of dramatic art in England must rejoice at the modern fashion of publishing plays which is now in vogue among our leading playwrights. For almost any dramatist would hesitate to publish a confessedly ill-written play. Time was when very slipshod writing was held to be good enough for the English stage. A harrowing situation or two, or a certain amount of spirited horse-play, were supposed to be all that was required to hold a London audience, and all the more delicate qualities of dramatic work were neglected. In the last few years there has been an undeniable improvement in this respect. Plays are written with greater care, if not always with greater skill. Characters are studied from the life, and delineated with some approach to fidelity, instead of merely following traditional lines, and serving simply as pegs on which to hang well-worn situations. In dialogue a certain literary quality is at least aimed at, though no doubt seldom completely attained; and in general the standard of play-writing in these and similar matters has certainly risen. Even the modern farce is not always the wholly

contemptible thing from the literary standpoint that it was a dozen years ago.

But dramatic critics have not been slow to point out the danger which lies in this modern tendency. In a play, after all, the essential thing is "action," and it is only in so far as it ministers to "action" that dialogue is effective on the stage. If its literary quality is allowed to interfere with this the play fails, and the dialogue, from the dramatic point of view, fails also.

To cast all convention whatsoever to the winds, and try to write dialogue and construct situations without reference to the special needs of the stage must lead to disaster. Mere beauty or profundity or wit of dialogue, or mere fidelity to life, may be effective in a novel. It may be read for its own sake irrespective of its precise bearing on the plot. But on the stage other factors must be taken into account which are not present in the writing of a novel, and none of them can be safely disregarded. What the writer of modern comedy, therefore, has to find, if he takes his art and the stage seriously, and desires to be acted as well as to be read, is a style which shall produce the illusion of ordinary spoken speech to the audience while, at the same time, it retains a certain literary finish which, in actual conversation, is rarely if ever found.

Very often a kind of dialogue which is delightful in a novel—Mr. Henry James's, for example—is quite lost on the stage. There are some people who, realising this, and realising also how effective mere fustian and declamation often are in the theatre, despair altogether of the drama as a literary form, and declare that literary excellence is incompatible with modern theatrical effectiveness; but it by no means follows, because merely literary dialogue is ineffective on the stage, that the dramatist for stage purposes must throw all literary quality to the winds and fall back upon artificial or conventional rant.

Mr. Pinero has realised this, and in many of his plays, most of all, perhaps, in *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*, his dialogue, while unquestionably effective on the stage, has also a real literary quality. And in *The Princess and the Butterfly*, though it is neither the most dramatic nor the most literary of his dramas, there is still to be found a good deal of writing which combines these qualities. Mr. Pinero, in fact, has hit upon the secret of that *via media* between purely literary and purely theatrical dialogue which satisfies at once the audience in the theatre and the reader in the study. In other respects his most recently published play is hardly so satisfactory. The plot, as he works it out, is not in itself dramatic, and there is next to no action. The construction, for so practised a dramatist, is curiously weak. Moreover, if it be true that the first duty of a comedy is to excite emotion, *The Princess and the Butterfly* must be held to fail, for it calls forth neither laughter nor tears. Its interest is purely intellectual, while it is not sufficiently fantastic to amuse by the mere humour of character and situation, as another of Mr. Pinero's plays, *The Amazons*, succeeded in doing.

Of the Henley-Stevenson *Macaire* it may be said that it has more dramatic possibilities in it than any other play which these two men of letters produced. Indeed, it has more than one scene which even the most practised playwright could not improve upon. But, unhappily, for theatrical purposes, only certain classes of play can be produced with any hope of success, and a "melodramatic farce" is not one of these. Laughter and blood do not combine happily on the stage, and at the theatre death at least must be always serious. The death of *Macaire* at the end of the third act is a very effective stage climax; but it is lead up to by extravaganzas as farcical as even Mr. Gilbert could conceive, and is out of tune with the rest of the play. Much of the dialogue is admirably written, and the character of *Macaire* is conceived in so masterly a fashion that we believe a melodrama might yet be written round him if the surviving author would consent to eliminate the farcical element in his drama.

Mr. Laurence Irving is an interesting figure among the younger dramatists, and his "Medieval Drama in One Act," *Godefroi and Yolande*, though it is by no means a finished work of art, is worth reading. The plot is founded on a story which must be familiar to all English lovers of poetry, from Mr. Swinburne's poem "The Leper." The play is written after the manner of M. Maeterlinck, and is more in the nature of a literary exercise than an original dramatic effort. Mr. Irving has evidently felt the fascination of M. Maeterlinck's dialogue, and he has studied with some success the methods—we may even say the tricks—by which he produces his effects; but that, after all, is not very difficult to do, and though imitation is the sincerest flattery, it is by no means the highest form of art. From a literary point of view, his style is distinctly curious. It is printed as prose, and apparently Mr. Irving means it to be considered as prose, but a considerable part of it might just as well have been printed as blank verse. Here is one passage of many which might be so treated without the alteration of a single word:

"GODEFROI: What am I here?
I am Sir Dolorous! Sir Long-visage!
MEGARDE: Thy father poor he was, but he was proud!
GODEFROI: Sad am I here; sadder were I elsewhere.
I am one made to suffer and eat out
My heart in hopeless hope.
MEGARDE: Come hence, come hence!
GODEFROI: No; leave me, mother, here!
MEGARDE: Son, leave thee here?
Thou wouldst not stay here. Then—
GODEFROI: I cannot hence.
MEGARDE: What can thus keep you here?
You love this life?
GODEFROI: Not I—I hate this life!
MEGARDE: What is it then?
GODEFROI: Oh, leave me, ask me not!
MEGARDE: I charge thee speak.
My son, I am thy mother."

One can with difficulty suppose that this is accidental, though it is of course possible that Mr. Irving did not realise how closely his prose followed the rhythm of blank verse, and that his marked preference for the

iambic foot was merely an unconscious echo of Shakespeare's verse structure. But Mr. Irving's prose has other and more serious faults than this tendency to become verse. Its grammar and syntax are not always faultless and its mannerism is apt to lead to very serious obscurity of diction. But the play shows a grasp of dramatic method and a knowledge of how to work up to an effective situation.

Of Mr. Sharp's *Hernani* one can only say that it is a straightforward, fairly competent piece of work. The difficulty of translating Hugo's lines into English blank verse can hardly be exaggerated, and the result cannot be called poetry. When this is said it can be easily understood that the beauty of the original has mainly disappeared in the translation.

WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

The Indian Frontier War: being an Account of the Mohmund and Tirah Expeditions, 1897.
By Lionel James. (Heinemann.)

MR. JAMES was Reuter's special war correspondent in the recent Mohmund and Tirah expeditions, and apparently the contents of this book are founded on, if they are not verbal repetitions of, the despatches he sent home in that capacity. We have here, therefore, a very matter-of-fact account of the recent frontier fighting. Mr. James tells the story without subjecting it to any literary process that might enhance its effect. We do not complain of this; the book admirably fulfils its purpose, that of recording in daily detail the events and movements of these expeditions to quell the revolt. But the technicalities which the ordinary man is content to swallow in the newspaper are apt to tire him in a book; and we think that Mr. James's work will be fully appreciated only by soldiers and men with Indian experience. The public wearied of the war while it was yet in progress. In truth, the thrilling story of Dargai was the one event that relieved a daily dribble of small actions and short disheartening death-lists. Instinctively one turns to Mr. James's account of that red rush up hill. Here is part of it:

"The signal was given, the guns boomed out their salvos, and the cliff was crowned with a semi-circle of bursting shrapnel; then the final order came—a momentary pause—and the officers of the Gordons rushed over the nullah. The pipes rolled out the slogan, and with tight-clenched teeth the Highlanders burst into the open. It was an awful two minutes. The length of the exposed zone was swept with a leaden stream, and the dust of the striking bullets half hid the advancing men. The head of the upper column melted away, but a few struggled on, and there were more to take the places of the fallen. Out over the cover came the kilted soldiers, the Sikhs, Dorsets, Derbys, Gurkhas, in spasmodic rushes as the fire slackened, and the cover halfway was won. A moment for breath, and the men were up again. Another terrible rush, another medley of struggling men and writhing figures, and the three companies of Gurkhas were reached."

Mr. James warmly protests against the

charge of incapacity which has been brought against the officers of the Tirah field force. "Inefficient transport," he asserts, was the cause of the weakness, and the blame—the Indian Government's. We cannot say that he proves this; but he demonstrates the enormous difficulties which beset any transport arrangements on the frontier. At one time General Lockhart had a train of no fewer than 71,800 animals under his control! Mr. James elsewhere remarks that in this class of warfare

"it is the wounded who are the cause of disaster. A wounded man at once means six men out of the fighting line, four to carry the casualty, and one to carry the rifles of the carrying party. Five casualties at once reduce a company to so small a number that they become insufficient to keep the enemy's fire down, and then follows one of these deplorable incidents in which our frontier fighting is so prolific."

By the way, Mr. James's use of the word "casualty" in the above passage indicates the rather frozen style in which his book is written. It is Reuter between covers.

The Story of the Malakand Field Force: an Episode of Frontier War. By Winston L. Spencer Churchill, Lieut. 4th Queen's Own Hussars. (Longmans.)

THERE is but one fault to find with Lieut. Spencer Churchill's book, and since that is both small and singular it shall be kept till the end. It will be remembered that last July, when the news was flashed abroad that Malakand and Chakdara were invested by the fanatical tribesmen of the Swat Valley, the Indian Government ordered the preparation of a Field Force, under the command of Sir Bindon Blood, for the relief of these posts. Lieut. Churchill was attached to that force—as a non-combatant, it is to be supposed—and wrote letters home to the *Daily Telegraph*, descriptive of the marching and the fighting. These letters have been shuffled, redacted, and added to, and the result is before us, and a very admirable and inspiring result it is. It is plain that Lieut. Churchill has inherited much of the dash and intellectual quality of his father, the late Lord Randolph Churchill. He may not be a speaker, as his father was, but he is a writer of more than promise—in fact, of excellent performance. He has manifestly a clear eye in his head, which can observe very swiftly and closely, and a great gift of language with which to express what he sees. From the very first paragraph one is delighted with the exercise of his faculty:

"All along the north and north-west frontiers of India lie the Himalayas, the greatest disturbance of the earth's surface that the convulsions of chaotic periods have produced. . . . The Himalayas are not a line, but a great country of mountains. Standing on some lofty pass or commanding point in Dir, Swat, or Bajaur, range after range is seen as the long surges of an Atlantic swell, and in the distance some glittering snow-peak suggests a white-crested roller yet higher than the rest. . . ."

And so on. That is as good an impressionistic picture in words as need be asked for of one who is not a professional scribe

and it renders the effect of the Himalayas better than any description we can remember. It is little to the point to say (as a querulous purist may) that, in the last sentence quoted, "standing" ought to have another subject than "range" to agree with. Lieut. Churchill is a soldier, not a schoolmaster, and we know what he means; if the present participle "standing" ventures to demand another subject of the sentence than the one given it, then all the worse for the present participle. But it is not over participles and subjects that Lieut. Churchill is so frequently coming to grief, but—of all small things in writing—over the use of commas. Why is he so madly generous in bestowing them? Here is a short sentence, which will serve as well as a long one to illustrate what we mean:

"Here the weapons of the nineteenth century, are in the hands of the savages, of the Stone Age."

In that sentence no commas are needed at all. Can it be that Lieut. Churchill has punctuated with an ear for reading aloud, rather than with an eye for sense and structure? Or, does he think that commas do not matter, and so the more the merrier?

BRIEFER MENTION.

The Story of Perugia. By Margaret Symonds and Lina Duff Gordon. Illustrated by M. Helen James. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

HERE is a dainty book to lure you to Italy. It comes, the first of a series of "Mediaeval Towns." Lavender and gold for the cover. The thin paper is tender to the finger, and the drawings imprison the sunshine of last year. It is written, too, this book; who could, who dare, mar a theme like Perugia? Infinite memories of art and war brood in her streets, caress her torrid walls, and calm the faces of her women. Perched on the limit of a long ridge, Perugia is hardly a city of this world:

"All the winds and airs of heaven play and rush round her walls in summer and winter. The sun beats down upon her roofs; one seems to see more stars at night, above her ramparts than one sees in any other town one knows of."

A place to grow well, after London. The Umbrian plain, green with corn and "pink with sainfoin flowers," lies below; and far away, each in its setting of verdure, white-walled Assisi, white-walled Spello, white-walled Foligno, twinkle with their own happiness. At night, the moon on the Tiber "draws your fancy down to Rome." And well may the writer fill the strange silence of this adorable eyrie with the questions:

"Where are the Becchermi, and where are the Raspanti? Are the Baglioni really dead, and the Oddi, where are they? And the Flagellants and the Penitenti—have even their ghosts departed? Will not a pope ride in at the gates with his nephews and his cardinals and take up peaceful quarters in the grim Canonica? Will not some war-like Abbot

come and batter down the church towers to build himself a palace? Will no procession pass us with a banner of Bonfigli, and women wailing that the plague should be removed?"

Never, save in the dreams of those who are dreamers born. But for ourselves, we hope soon again to cross the Piazza of Saint Lorenzo, and drink from that fountain that was "ever dear as the apple of their eye to the people of Perugia."

Trialogues. By William Griffiths. (Kansas: Hudson-Kimberley Publishing Co.)

NOTHING that can give distinction to a book has been omitted by the publishers of this little work. The edition is limited to 250 copies, of which ours is 100; there are more blank end-papers than any volume ought to have; the covers are of warehouse paper; the design thereon has no relation to the contents; and the prefatory note is an exercise in fantastic printing. In it the author speaks of his work as an attempt to introduce the old form of Elizabethan dialogue into America. He might probably more accurately have substituted John Davidsonian for Elizabethan, because *Trialogues* instantly strikes one as an American adaptation of the *Fleet-street Eclogues*. Mr. Griffiths, however, has thoughts of his own, and considerable rhyming skill, and his is a pleasant little book, with now and then a really invigorating line. Here is a brisk little snatch:

"The city holds for some, mayhap,
A jolly life, but O,
As early Spring forefeels the sap
Awaken through the snow,
Give me the sturdy roving foot,
Then with a shouldered load,
When Hope brings in an easy boot,
I sing the open road."

Cycling. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

THIS slender volume is a reprint, with some modifications, of the article on "Cycling" in *The Encyclopedia of Sport*. Three authors are concerned in the work: Mr. H. Graves, who takes the general and mechanical section; Mr. Lacy Hillier, who discusses racing; and the Countess of Malmesbury, who has views on cycling for women. Together they make a very practical and informing trio. The story of the first bicycle ride from London to Brighton hath now an antiquated ring, though it occurred less than thirty years ago. Mr. Mayall was hero. He started one morning early in January, 1869, but on reaching Redhill—a distance of 17½ miles—he had to give up, completely exhausted. "After more practice, he, in company with Rowley Turner and Charles Spencer, made a second attempt in the following February; and though his companions fell by the way, he succeeded in reaching Brighton alone in about sixteen hours. The feat was the subject of some public comment at the time, but as some three weeks later the brothers Chinnery walked to Brighton in eleven hours and twenty-five minutes, the advantages of the new steed, as demonstrated by Mr. Mayall's heroic efforts, were considerably discounted." And to-day the ride is within the compass even of rural deans!

The Royal Household. By W. A. Lindsay, Q.C., "Windsor Herald." (Kegan Paul & Co.)

THIS sumptuous quarto deals with the sixty years of the present reign, and forms a chronicle, not of the whole of what is technically known as the Royal Household, but of those more intimate members of it who, in the words of the dedication, "have had the honour to wait upon Her Majesty's person." The bulk of the volume consists of biographical notices, alphabetically arranged, of lords, grooms, and equerries-in-waiting, ladies and women of the bed-chamber, maids and pages of honour, and similar Court functionaries. These are preceded by a brief introduction, by a classified list of the successive holders of each office, and by a table showing the tenure of the Parliamentary posts during the various administrations of the reign. The work is done with great elaboration and, on the whole, commendable accuracy. But surely Mr. Arthur Lyttelton cannot have taken orders "on leaving Her Majesty's Household," if, as the compiler states, the pages of honour resign their posts at the age of sixteen years and a half. In the introduction, "Windsor Herald" points out how desirable a thing a complete history of the Royal Household would be. We are almost tempted to wish that his knowledge and industry had been devoted to such a task instead of the present catalogue. A similar account of the succession of Court officials during the reign, say, of Elizabeth would be invaluable to the student of history; whereas much of this treatise merely repeats matter already available in the pages of G. E. C.'s great peerage and the *London Gazette*. From the *Gazette* "Windsor Herald" reprints in an appendix complete accounts of a number of Royal ceremonials, beginning with the Coronation and ending with the wedding of the Duke of York. It is loyal reading.

Historic New York. Edited by Maud Wilder Goodwin, Alice Carrington Royce, and Ruth Putnam. (Putnam's.)

THIS is not a continuous treatise, but a series of monographs, originally published month by month under the title of the "Half-Moon Papers," for the students of that flourishing New York institution—the City History Club. The object of the editors has been to throw light upon the early stages of their City's famous story, upon the period now almost passing into the legendary, the pioneer settlements upon the Manhattan Island, the struggles which preceded the conversion of New Amsterdam into New York. Their method is to isolate individual aspects of that forgotten life, or to trace in detail the fortunes of some particular building or locality now absorbed in the vast parallelograms of the modern metropolis. The writers appear thoroughly competent to their task; they have spared no pains in the unearthing of historic records, and they tell their tales with sympathy and taste. Buncombe is conspicuous by its absence. Where all are good, we have been particularly interested by Miss Alice Morse Earle's study of "The Stadt Huys of New Amsterdam," with its picture of the choleric

overbearing Dutch governor—Peter Stuyvesant. Very excellent, too, is Mr. Durand's narrative of the contest for the supremacy over city finance between Stuyvesant and the burgomasters, in his paper on "The City Chest of New Amsterdam." Other notable contributions are those by Miss Ruth Putnam on "Annetje Jan's Farm," and by Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt on "The Bowery." This savoury quarter was originally the site of a number of Dutch "bouwerijs," or farms, whence the name. The volume is adorned with a number of particularly well reproduced illustrations, most of them showing quaint specimens of Dutch architecture, with fascinating "crow-step" gables. A second series of the "Half-Moon Papers," is promised by the editors, and we shall await it with interest.

Goldfields and Chrysanthemums. By Catherine Bond. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

THESE notes of travel in Australia and Japan are the outcome of a diary, the wish of friends for its publication, and a consciousness on the part of the writer that an unprinted journal is a violation of the laws of nature. The book is in no sense literature, but its descriptions of journeyings in Western Australia, and its pictures of life in Japan will serve "to while away an hour or so," and thus fulfil the modest ambition of the writer. It is attractively bound, beautifully printed, and well illustrated. The reader is gently led through the monotonous scenery of Western Australia; camps in the Bush; introduced to Coolgardie and the goldfields; meets trains of camels on the march; and suffers the shock of encountering a man on a bicycle in regions sacred to desolation and lack of water. The authoress has an extraordinary partiality for the word "so." It is worked from the beginning to the end of the book with inexorable pertinacity. Thus:

"Our pace is so slow, and the sun so near the horizon, that when we arrive at the Gardens we decide only to take a hurried look round, not staying to see the curator; so we soon turn to jog back again, feeling very disappointed. . . . They are so erect . . . It does not signify so much, . . . so we dismiss the machine."

These extracts are culled from one page.

Thomas Best Jervis. By W. P. Jervis. (Eliot Stock.)

THIS book is "A Centenary Tribute," edited by a son of the subject of the memoir.

"Thomas Best Jervis's estimate of the vital importance of geography to mankind in every possible walk of human activity was one which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to surpass. . . . He viewed geology, botany, ethnography, statistics, and numerous other sciences, as transformed into adjective forms subservient to geography, so as to become geological, botanical, ethnographical, statistical geography."

To a reader consumed by a like passion this book will possess elements of interest. Having passed a brilliant examination at Addiscombe Military College, young Jervis was enrolled as ensign in the Bombay Engineer Corps on June 1, 1813, and from that time to his death, in 1857, the interests of India—geographical, spiritual, moral, and

educational—possessed him. He began his geographical surveys in Southern Konkan in 1823, and the results of his labours met with unstinted praise from his superior officers. In addition to the accounts of the geographic and lithographic undertakings, which constituted his life work, extracts are given from his speeches at Bible Society meetings, and at Exeter Hall gatherings, together with a voluminous correspondence, addressed to Government officials, private friends, and members of his own family. Eminent as Lieutenant-Colonel Jervis was in ability and sterling piety, he was singularly lacking in humour and sense of proportion, as witnessed by his letters to his children. They are indeed didactic! The only humour in the book is unintentional.

The Fern World. (New Edition.) By Francis George Heath. (The Imperial Press, Ltd.)

THIS bounteous volume is a storehouse of information on the habits and habitats of each member of the British fern family. It does not come before the reader seeking recognition. It has already "been sold in every English-speaking country in the world." For some time out of print, it is now re-issued in an eighth edition at "a popular price." The volume is divided into five parts: "The Fern World"; "Fern Culture," under which head suggestions and practical instruction are given; "Fern Hunting"; "Some Rambles through Fern Land"; and "British Ferns: their Description, Distribution, and Culture." This last division, which comprises the greater part of the book, is illustrated by delicately coloured plates, and the fern collector and would-be cultivator will find herein every assistance. Under the heading of "Rambles through Fern Land," the reader is led through the coombes and over the downs of Devon, the home of so many beautiful specimens of fern life. For the casual student, as well as for the specialist, the book will be found invaluable.

The History of the Great Northern Railway, 1845-1895. By Charles H. Grinling. (Methuen & Co.)

MR. GRINLING'S book tells us in almost too minute detail of the early struggles of the London and York Railway (the nucleus of the Great Northern) before Parliamentary Committees. The broad fact is, that owing to the attempts of "King" Hudson and his fellow-monarchs to strangle the infant at its birth, and the seventy days' fight in "one of the smallest of the wooden sheds in which, pending the completion of the new Houses of Parliament, Private Bill Committees were condemned to meet," nearly half a million of money was sunk in preliminary expenses. Fortunately, most of the original shareholders were substantial people, and not mere "stags," like a certain "poor brother of the Charterhouse," who, though his yearly income, derived from pensions, was under £100 a year, had contracted for (and disposed of at a premium) a large quantity of stock.

The obstructiveness of rival companies did not end in the Parliamentary Committee-

rooms, but was exhibited in ways of almost incredible pettiness. The station authorities at Retford refused to supply water there to the Great Northern engines, so as to hamper the through service between Peterborough and Leeds; and at Grimsby blocks were placed across the rails to prevent the Great Northern using the running powers to which it was entitled. On one occasion the Great Northern passengers reached the Humber ferry only to find that the last boat had been purposely sent away without them, and had to spend the night in the railway carriages or on sofas at the station; on another a Great Northern engine which had dared to show its buffers in Nottingham was hunted by a posse of Midland engines, as if it had been a wild elephant, and after a desperate struggle captured, and interned in a disused shed, whence it was not released for seven months. At Manchester the North-Western and Sheffield companies had a station in common. Nevertheless,

"the North-Western authorities began to take people into custody for coming by the Sheffield trains into the Manchester station; they frightened an old lady out of her wits and distracted several feeble people; but at last they got hold of a lawyer, who showed them they had 'caught a tartar'; and so after that no more passengers were apprehended."

It is difficult to realise that these incidents, which might have come out of one of Mr. Gilbert's comic operas, should have taken place in connexion with such a prosaic business as railway-management seems to us nowadays. Fortunately for the Great Northern, it had in these troublous times an exceptionally strong chairman in Mr. Edmund Denison, who, like his son after him (the present Lord Grimthorpe), was a "bonny fighter." The biggest storm he ever weathered was at the half yearly meeting in August, 1857, after the discovery that Leopold Redpath, the registrar of the company, had robbed it of over £200,000 by creating fictitious stock.

After that the most noteworthy occurrences in the life of the Company have been a few bad accidents—notably that at Abbot's Ripton in 1876, when three trains collided and thirteen people were killed, and that at Canonbury in 1881, when no fewer than four trains were in collision in a tunnel and six people were killed; and the races to Edinburgh and Aberdeen, in 1888 and 1895 respectively, which are still fresh in the public memory. The Great Northern has not of late years been the most financially prosperous of railway companies, but it has remained one of the most enterprising. Its history deserved to be written, and it has lost nothing in Mr. Grinling's able hands. Everyone who is interested in railways should read his book.

An Eton Bibliography. By L. V. Harcourt. (Swan Sonnenschien.)

THIS has few claims to be considered a scientific bibliography. It is rather a hand-list of *Etoniana*, mainly drawn from the author's own collection. The majority of the items directly concern the college; a few are works of general literature of Eton masters, and should have been omitted.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE POTENTATE.

By FRANCES FORBES ROBERTSON.

A steel-bright romance of the Middle Ages. The hero, Everard Val Dernement, is introduced as a pretty boy, with a girl's face and a man's spirit. A murdered father is ever before his eyes. The overthrow of his murderer, the tyrant Duke of Bresali, is the objective; and this comes by way of postern doors, and flashing blades, and passages of love and adventure, and all the paraphernalia of romance, marshalled by a skilled hand. (A. Constable & Co. 312 pp. 6s.)

THE STRENGTH OF TWO.

By ESMÉ STUART.

Miss Stuart's stories are popular favourites, and this should disappoint none of her admirers. It belongs to the temperately sensational class, and is told with the maximum of dialogue. There are a gambler, and his daughter Joy, and a young squire, Sir Ivor, and a dwarf, and an eccentric and rich old aunt, and—well, there are all the characters convention can demand. The story is full of spirit. (F. V. White. 296 pp. 6s.)

THE CATTLE MAN.

By G. B. BURGIN.

The adventures of an artist brought up to active misogyny by a Canadian priest. On crossing to England in a cattle-boat he forsakes his creed. A blending of serious sentiment and humour of the school to which Mr. Burgin belongs. Of Piccadilly Circus at night it is said: "The whole scene required a Whistler to paint it—the Christ to sweep it away." Of a cattle-drover who has been thrown overboard: "It was evident that his system had received a shock, owing to the quantity, and quality, of the unfamiliar beverage which he had just swallowed." A very good-humoured tale. (Grant Richards. 246 pp. 6s.)

BUNTHORNE.

By CHARLES H. EDEN.

Mr. Eden describes his novel as the "Story of a Fool." Bunthorne is certainly a fool as the world judges; but then he is not far from being one of "God's fools." Moreover, he becomes blind, and the author's underlying purpose is to hint at the gratitude which the blind feel towards all who help them in little ways. A sincere piece of work. (Skeffington & Son. 279 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE INDUNA'S WIFE.

By BERTRAM MITFORD.

This tale is told to Nkose, by Untúswa, after a strong dose of tywala. Untúswa is an induna who took for principal wife Lalusini, the sorceress, in whose veins ran the full blood of the House of Senzangakona. The consequences of this marriage make the book; which we recommend to all who like excitement wedded to Zulu words, and to none who do not. Mr. Quiller-Couch, who loves dialect, should enjoy it. (F. V. White. 300 pp. 6s.)

TREWNOT OF GUY'S.

By MRS. COULSON KERNAHAN.

A medical novel. Mrs. Kernahan, who is the author of *The House of Rimmon* and *A Laggard in Love*, brings Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen up to date. Now and then, indeed, the book is not a little Dickensian, especially in the character of Mrs. Pippin. "They're picklin' Spanishers," says this lady, "and many a time that Saul has sat down to eat them, and rolled them around his lyin' tongue, a-sayin' to me as there was no one like me for getting things into a pickle sharp." (Bowden. 325 pp. 6s.)

DEARER THAN HONOUR.

By E. LIVINGSTON PRESCOTT.

The author of *Scarlet and Steel*, having done with flogging in the army, now turns his attention to prisons. This is the story of a well-bred man who, with some reason, becomes a thief, and is imprisoned. It is a sad, unrelieved tragedy. Here is the hero's

description: "Ord's head, covered with close, crisp rings of flaxen hair, was big like his body, and solidly set on a solid throat. His features were passably regular, but uninteresting, though a pent-house of yellow moustache, hanging low, softened the stubborn outlines of a long upper lip and square chin," and so on. (Hutchinson & Co. 367 pp. 6s.)

CHIEFLY CONCERNING TWO.

By ALAN SCOTT.

This is the story of a Harley-street doctor who, feeling convinced that there are beneath the surface of society manifold social grades of whose nature and peculiarities he is ignorant, settles down in a village as Robert Crispin, cobbler; and then come love and frustration. The doctor found love a pleasant interlude to a dissertation on the evolution of the streptococci. A quite readable tale. (Digby, Long & Co. 200 pp. 3s. 6d.)

HUMPHRY: A TRADITION.

By E. MENDHAM.

This story is woven out of ignorant beliefs, some of which linger in attenuated forms in remote country districts of England. The hero, Humphry Stoly, is regarded as a wizard with malefic influence. Much of the story turns upon the search by credulous villagers, and a credulous parson, for a fairy hoard of treasure. A clever dramatisation of exploded rural superstitions. (Hutchinson & Co. 368 pp. 6s.)

THE MARQUIS OF VALROSE.

By CHARLES FOLEY.

The story is translated from the French, and it is a thoroughly readable, though not remarkable, romance of the revolutionary times in France. Opens in the little town of Sauges, in La Vendée, in 1799; and lovers, gendarmes, marchionesses, and the like keep the ball rolling. (C. A. Pearson Ltd. 283 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE VIRGIN OF THE SUN.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

A good tale of the conquest of Peru. Mr. Griffith urges that it is curious no historical novelist has done for the Conquest of Peru what Mr. Lew Wallace, in America, and Mr. Rider Haggard, in England, have done for the Conquest of Mexico. To obtain local colour Mr. Griffith went to Peru, and nearly all the characters in his story are historical. A stirring romance in which the marvellous hardly exceeds Prescott. (C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. 306 pp. 6s.)

REVIEWS.

His Fortunate Grace. By Gertrude Atherton.
(Bliss, Sands & Co.)

THIS is a strong, well-knit piece of work. It is simple and direct in its full-blooded thoroughly American vitality, just saved from exuberance by the artistic sense. The early chapters, indeed, seem to an European ear somewhat lavishly supplied with extravagant and slangy expression, somewhat strident in tone. But as the story unfolds, the roughnesses and crudities disappear, and the action becomes more tense and living. The centre of it is the family of a millionaire, himself, his wife, and his daughter, all vigorously and effectively characterised. There comes to New York a decrepit English duke, in search of a million to recruit his impoverished acres. With him the millionaire's daughter falls in love; a little incredibly you think, but Mrs. Atherton's point is that the disease is epidemic. Then follows a struggle. The father, a man of sense and character, refuses his consent, furious at the idea of selling his daughter for a title to a pink-eyed, undersized debauchee. On the other side are the infatuated Augusta and her beautiful mother, acknowledged queen of society in New York, and ambitious for the new laurels to be won by an assured position in London. The result

is a crash to the millionaire's belief in his passionately adored wife. Neither will can bend: He declines to give a dowry, and his wife takes flight to England with her daughter and the duke, sells her personal houses and jewels to provide the price of a coronet, and sets her husband at defiance, trusting to his love for her to bring him round. It does not, and Mrs. Atherton has recourse to a somewhat comical way out of the dilemma. Mrs. Forbes suddenly discovers that she is about, after twenty years, to have a second child. She cables frantically, and her husband comes out by the next mail. There is a reconciliation; Augusta gets her duke, and the duke his dowry. But Mrs. Forbes has lost her husband's, not to speak of the reader's, respect.

"Tell me," she said imperiously, 'have you really forgiven me? I have almost been sure at times that you had. I have felt it. But you have not been quite your dear old self. I want to hear you say again that you forgive me, and it is the last time that I shall refer to the subject.'

'Yes,' he said, 'adjusting a lock that had fallen over her ear, 'I have forgiven you, of course. We are to live the rest of our lives together. I am not so unwise, I hope, as to nurse offended pride and resentment.'

The colour left her face. She came closer. 'Tell me,' she said, her voice vibrating, 'won't it ever be quite the same again? Is that what you mean?'

He took her in his arms, and laid his cheek against hers. 'Oh, I don't know,' he said, 'I don't know.'

The story verges perilously at moments on the burlesque, but in the main it is a strong satire on certain developments of American society, which have now for some time been much in evidence. The feeblest specimens of humanity who can boast a title and a line of ancestors may take their pick, if you believe the author, among the wealth, beauty, and intellect of the States. Mrs. Atherton writes with keen insight and a brilliant command of natural dialogue.

* * * *

The Minister of State. By John A. Steuart.
(Heinemann.)

In his very pretty dedication Mr. Steuart calls his story "a drama of romance in reality." The description is something clumsy and pleonastic. To call it "a modern fairy tale" might describe it more clearly and more simply; for all forms of fiction must have their roots in reality, just as all plants, from the cabbage (or kail) to the cactus, must be rooted in the earth. Every romance must be a romance in reality, or be nothing; *The Arabian Nights* are as much indebted to reality, in their own way, as are the *Rougon-Macquart* studies of Emile Zola in theirs. Mr. Steuart's fairy tale appears to have been suggested—or rather provoked—in some degree by the performances of the Kailyardists. He may even be said to have invaded the very domain of "Ian Maclaren," and to have dared (a mere mortal!) to steal some fire from the sacred altar tended by the high priest of the Kailyard. Let us declare at once that we prefer the stolen fire (if it be stolen) to the original flame. We are introduced to a glen and a people not unlike those of Drumtochty, and in the very same shire of Perth; we meet farmers and ploughmen, kirk elders and ministers, and even a notable doctor, and a still more notable dominie. They are like unto those of Drumtochty, but yet how different—how differently observed, and how differently rendered. The mind of the true Kailyardist is that of the sentimentalist. When he does not turn his eyes away from facts altogether, he so glozes them that the effect is false both to fact and sentiment. Mr. Steuart, though he has invaded the Kailyard, is no Kailyardist. The creator of Peter Proudfoot, Neil MacGregor, David Kinloch, and the drunken fiddler, Lauchie, has shrewdly observed and lovingly meditated; and his work is truly laid both in fact and sentiment. From this ground of reality he has caused to grow a very agreeable story; and if it be but a fairy tale—why, a fairy tale can be a very delightful, a very suggestive, and a very stimulating kind of literary art, even to adults. This fairy tale concerns a marvellous herd-boy, who was, of course, a prince—that is to say, a Minister of State—in embryo. When a boy he tamed wild bulls, and attempted to tame wild horses. He became a Double First at Edinburgh, and a Double First at Oxford, and he rowed stroke in a winning race for the Dark Blues (his creator wishes him to appear to be "the full, round man of Plato"); he read for the Bar, became a great pleader (with an income of £20,000 a year), a great orator in the Commons, a Judge, and a

Minister of State. But he did *not* marry the lady of his love; and there the fairy tale defies the rules of the game. Last of all, on a visit to his native strath, he fell into talk with a herd-boy who was ignorant of his identity:

"And would you like to do what Evan Kinloch has done?"

'Yes, sir, awful much,' was the prompt response.

'And if you were to ask him, do you think he'd advise you to go away South, and get all that he has got?'

'I don't know, sir, but it's likely he would.'

'I don't think he'd be so unkind,' said the gentleman, in a tone of uncalled-for sadness. 'No, I'm sure he wouldn't. I think he would advise you to stay among the hills and woods and green fields, and work with the plough and the scythe.'

'Well! he didn't do that himself, sir,' replied the boy, with an astute shake of the head.

'Ah, but he may be wiser now!' remarked the gentleman in that plaintive tone for which the boy could discover no reason."

And thus, with an impression of *Vanitas vanitatum! Omnia vanitas!* the story sadly ends; which, we submit, is to make a very modern version of the fairy tale. Mr. Steuart writes with vigour and alertness, and occasionally with brilliance, though at the outset he sets a pace and style which he does not well maintain.

* * * *

A Man from the North. By E. A. Bennett.
(John Lane.)

SHE took up the book, opened it, read a little, and presently laid it down. Anon she was asked what she thought of it. "There is some pretty phrasing," was the answer. "Chirruped a phrase ending in *chéri*" is good, don't you think?" The quotation was given from memory; when we came to read the book the phrase was discovered to run, "... twittered a phrase ending in *chéri*." The difference between "chirruped" and "twittered" is significant of the whole book. "Twittered" is not bad, but "chirruped" is the one, the inevitable word in that connexion. So, throughout, the writing is good—exceedingly good, compared with most that is written—but it is not good enough, considering the standard Mr. Bennett has manifestly set himself:

"An inconstant, unrefreshing breeze, sluggish with accumulated impurity, stirred the curtains, and every urban sound—high-pitched voices of children playing, roll of wheels, and rhythmic trot of horses, shouts of newsboys, and querulous barking of dogs—came through the open windows touched with a certain languorous quality that suggested a city fatigued, a city yearning for the moist recesses of woods, the disinfectant breath of mountain tops, and the cleansing sea."

Now that reads well enough; but it is not at once convincingly true. And such writing is worthless, when it does not immediately convince of its truth. Moreover, the passage quoted pleases little upon examination. It is plainly untrue, for instance, to describe the "breeze" as "sluggish with accumulated impurity"; it may be "sluggish," but not for that reason; to say "with impurity," and that "accumulated," is to declare that one has less a perception of the truth of nature and fact than a taste for the elaborate falsehood of M. Zola. But, not to insist too much on such detail, we repeat, the writing is good—irritatingly good—so good that we wish it much better.

The story of *A Man from the North* (surely an awkward and misleading title) is of the kind that M. Zola has set the fashion of calling a "human document." A young man, a shorthand clerk, comes to London from a small Lancashire town, and leads the narrow, harmless, sordid life of such a person—a life which, in this case, is faintly and spasmodically touched with literary ambition. We conceive that the details have been observed quite accurately, and they are quite accurately set down, with that absence of passion or palpitation which that kind of story affects, but which makes it singularly dull and wearisome. The one person in the story who is really well rendered is Jenkins:

"Jenkins was a cockney and the descendant of cockneys: he conversed always volubly in the dialect of Camberwell; but just as he was subject to attacks of modishness, so at times he attempted to rid himself of his accent, of course without success. He swore habitually, and used no reticence whatever. . . . In quick and effective retort he was the peer of cabmen, and nothing could abash him. His favourite subjects of discussion were restaurants, billiards, the turf, and women, whom he usually described as 'tarts.'"



HENRIK IBSEN



A Man from the North, in fine, is the kind of worthlessly clever book which neither touches nor moves the reader, neither interests nor persuades. It has, therefore, little claim to be considered literature; for to produce literature it is as necessary to choose a subject well as it is to write well, and the subject of *A Man from the North* is not well chosen. But Mr. Bennett, it is manifest, has style enough and faculty enough of observation to do admirable work, if he will forego bad models and choose a subject that may worthily engage his best art.

* * *

Gloria Victis. By J. A. Mitchell.
(D. Nutt.)

MR. MITCHELL'S story is too trivial to bear so sounding a title. But it is very readable and it amuses, and three, at least, of the characters are interesting additions to the inhabitants of the world of fiction. The story briefly shows how a boy, Steven Wadsworth, predestined to crime, overcomes his fate and substitutes for the profession of thief that of honest acrobat. But the change convinces no one, for it is described entirely from without. Psychological analysis is quite beyond Mr. Mitchell's power. In the course of his career the boy—the son of a housebreaking father and a mother possessed of a cataclysmic temper—steals, lies, murders, and attempts murder, all without consciousness of evil. He preserves, indeed, throughout his worst deflections from morality, honest grey eyes and a clean heart. When first embarked as a highway robber he encounters Dr. Thorne, an amiable clergyman, and bids him throw up his hands. The doctor does so, but by a strategic movement defeats his assailant. The following scene is then recorded:

"If I let you go will you promise to behave better, and not play with loaded pistols in the future?"

"Yes, I promise."

"You give me your word of honour?"

"Yes, sir."

As he released his grip and took a backward step, the boy sprang toward the pistol, snatched it from the grass, cocked it, and levelled it again toward the figure before him.

"Now, who's ahead?" he exclaimed. "This time you throw up your hands, or I'll fire it!"

But the hands were not thrown up. The massive head drooped slowly forward, and two calm brown eyes rested mournfully upon the speaker. Reproachfully and without anger he looked into the triumphant face.

"So your promise goes for nothing! You should have been a sneak thief or a pickpocket; not an open robber. I have always understood that famous robbers had some self-respect, some regard for their word of honour."

Over the villain's face came a flush of colour. Shame and indignation took the place of triumph, and the eyes wavered. There was an inward struggle, as easily read by the man before him as from an open book. Lowering the revolver, he turned it about, holding the muzzle toward himself, then stepped forward and presented it to his towering victor. In an uneven voice, and with a strong effort to repress the quivering of a lip, he murmured hurriedly—

"I'm not a sneak thief! Take it yourself! I don't want it!"

Dr. Thorne took the weapon and carefully pointed it in another direction as he lowered the trigger, then returned it to the owner, saying—

"As we both are men of honour, it doesn't matter who keeps the pistol."

Perhaps the best manner of taking leave of the book is to say that it is too good-humoured and unpretentious for serious criticism, too unreal and superficial for much praise, and too readable for neglect.

* * *

Rough Justice. By M. E. Braddon.
(Simpkin & Co.)

Rough Justice is a story which is constructed with the deftness and told with the brightness that we have been taught to expect from Miss Braddon. Murder and mystery are provided; but there is also a problem in ethics to be solved—are you justified in killing a woman to get money wherewith to benefit your fellow creatures? Oliver Greswold is a philanthropist, with big schemes that require money. He discovers that one life stands between him and the fortune he has been led to expect—the life of an obscure cousin, whom he believes to be a worthless woman.

"He told himself that there was nothing sordid or selfish in his aspira-

tions. Were the fortune his thousands would share in its benefits. Every sovereign in the yearly income would mean something of comfort for some sufferer—some lightening of the burden under which the weary shoulders and weak knees were daily bending. . . . And how would this woman use the wealth that was to be flung into her lap? Without experience of decent life, without one reputable acquaintance, how could she be expected to deal with a great estate? She would eat it, and drink it, and fling it to the loose company that would gather about her, swift as vultures sighting carrion. . . .

He had often debated that question which modern thought has discussed as bold as ever it was argued by antique philosophy—Is life worth living? And here, he argued, was a case in which the answer was easy and decisive.

Here, in the person of Lisa Rayner, was a life not worth living—a life worthless to its possessor; a life that could only exercise evil influences upon others; a life which for him, Oliver Greswold, meant ruin and despair.

Long days, long nights of harrying thought resulted in a plan of action, which began with daily practice in his grandfather's grounds, and an occasional hour at a shooting-gallery in Soho."

So he shoots Lisa Rayner; and Wildover, her former lover, who has just come back from South Africa and wants to marry someone else, is arrested and tried for the crime. Wildover is acquitted for lack of evidence, but devotes himself to discovering the real criminal. The scene in which he forces a written confession from Greswold is dramatic. We cannot help being rather glad that Greswold is not brought to justice, for he really did good with his money, and, to quote the closing words of the book, "Everywhere, among the people who try to leave the world better than they found it, the name of Oliver Greswold commands admiration and respect."

A SKETCH OF IBSEN.

He is a man of striking personality [we quote from an article by Mr. F. O. Achorn in the *New England Magazine*], his hair is long and gray, and he wears it combed straight up from his forehead. The forehead itself is high, broad, and prominent. His whiskers are gray and bushy; and he wears large gold-bowed spectacles. The lower part of his face sinks into insignificance beside these more marked characteristics. I can scarcely see his eyes under the beetling brows and behind his spectacles; I make them out to be small and blue, and I have the sensation of being peered at instead of looked at. His nose is small and irregular; his mouth small, firm, and straight. He was dressed in a black broadcloth coat, double-breasted, long and closely buttoned, a white satin tie and dark trousers, while a silk hat, a walking-stick, a pair of brown cotton gloves and his spectacle-case lay near him. He was sipping a glass of Scotch whisky and soda.

He spoke very slowly and with a reserve that was little less than coldness. He drew a long black comb from his inside pocket, and proceeded to set his hair more on end, if possible, than it already was. The feeling took possession of me that, himself so given to studying others, he was the kind of man who would give one very little insight into his own thoughts and feelings unless he chose to.

If one were to ask me of my personal impressions of Ibsen, I should say that the first glance at his mighty forehead, his shaggy hair, his sharp eye, his firm mouth, his ruddy complexion, his compact build, made me feel that there was a tremendous power behind it all, and that Henrik Ibsen was a man of intense thought and passion. Ibsen's facial expression is remarkable. Under intense feeling his face hardens, colour deepens, and his eyes blaze. Instinctively one looks for shelter, feeling that the storm is about to burst. Quickly the skies clear, the face softens, the eyes twinkle merrily, there is a suggestion of dimples at the corners of the mouth, and an expression at once very droll and very winning plays upon the features. He is a man of moods. If you catch him at one time, or if you "hit him right," he will do what no persuasion would induce him to do at another. Friends to whom I spoke of my own pleasant meetings with him told me that he is often unapproachable.

He lives a methodical life. He is found at work in his study in the forenoon. At one o'clock he turns up at the Grand Hotel, which he calls his second home, for lunch. Wherever he has lived, Ibsen has always selected some *café* or place of public resort to which he has betaken himself daily, where, free from molestation, he could observe all that was going on about him.

In the window of the hotel over my head it is his wont to sit and study the people, until this watch tower has come by common consent to be recognised as his, and is known as 'Ibsen's window.'

From his vantage ground at the hotel window, a sweep of the eye presents to the poet nearly every phase of human life; royalty, the statesman, the soldier, the actor, the student, the reveller, the traveller from foreign parts, the high and low, the rich and poor—all are included.

Ibsen on the street moves along with his head well thrown back, a favourite attitude being one in which his hands are clasped behind him. Everybody knows him, and he receives the salutations of his acquaintances by raising his hat with a courtliness and dignity which mark the gentleman of the old school.

MISS MARY E. WILKINS AT HOME.

THERE is a curious delusion current about Miss Wilkins, says Mr. Chamberlin in the course of an article on "Miss Mary E. Wilkins at Randolph, Mass"—one of the readable series of "Authors at Home" *The Critic* is publishing—which undoubtedly grows out of the determination of most people to make all writers as much as possible like their books. I have heard people who really knew better insist that Miss Wilkins must be a countrified little person, looking and acting as if she had just stepped out of her own stories. This notion may claim to derive some colour, perhaps, from the fact that she lives in the village where she was born, and in an old house of vernacular New England architecture, with its side toward the road and its front door in the middle of this side, with a north parlour and a south parlour, and a flower-garden in front of the house.

On the high mantelshelf in the chimney are Scott's novels, and not another book! I asked Miss Wilkins why she kept them there, and she said it was partly because they filled out the middle of the shelf nicely, and partly because she liked to read them often.

If Miss Wilkins reads Scott, she also reads Hardy, Tolstoi, and even Dostoevsky. She said to me of Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*: "I am at odds with the whole thing, but it is a wonderful book. He writes with more concentrated force than Tolstoi. This book seemed to me like one of my own nightmares, and told on my nerves. It belongs to the Laocoön school of literature." So too, she thinks, does *Jude the Obscure*. No one feels more than she the power of such a book as the latter, but she is not inspired to write in the same way.

Miss Wilkins' way of writing is not, usually, to re-write anything once fully written out, but to elaborate a good deal as she goes along, throwing away a great many closely-written sheets which are her trial-lines. And, indeed, though Miss Wilkins says of herself that she does not seem to "compose," but to write out something which she already knows, or else which comes to her from some source outside or inside of her—she scarcely knows which—she nevertheless does work out passages or portions of her stories with great pains.

She does not go about at all looking for "material" for her stories. She never puts Randolph people into them; though she has, indeed, put into them dead and gone people. Barnabas, in *Pembroke*, with the awful will, was a man who had lived. Her creations are mainly drawn purely out of her imagination, and squared to Nature and reality by the exercise of a keen and omnivorous faculty of observation which has grown instinctive, and is as unconscious as it is accurate—like the minutely true eye-measurements with which the Japanese carpenters astonished us at the World's Fair. And for her nature-settings and decorations she depends rather on the sharp recollections of childhood than on more recent observations. She never had a bit of the spirit of the naturalist.

This work of Miss Wilkins' goes on placidly enough, but not in any way that is systematic enough to distress us. She speaks of a stint of a thousand words a day, but she has the artist's susceptibility to times and moods, and her work is really done by spurts. She is not one of those fortunate ones who can say, "Go to! I will sleep from ten until six, and then be fresh for my work." Sleep with her has to be wooed with subtle arts, and will follow no programme.

Naturally, Miss Wilkins is almost as much at home in Boston as she is in Randolph; I think she feels more at home there. Some people may find that hard to believe, because at Boston she goes in

neither for Browning nor Ibsen, and she is without a fad; but it is nevertheless true. You cannot discover about Miss Wilkins' home a vestige of the influence of any hobby—unless it is possibly her chafing-dish; she has a beautiful time with that, and so do her friends. "Views" she has none, in the strenuous Bostonian sense though good, solid principles she has in plenty. As between Boston and Randolph, I am sure that one thing that makes her prefer the latter as a place of residence is the possibility of living there in a way to one side of her literary reputation. She is not at all fond of the strong light that beats upon authorship; but when she is in Boston she is continually getting into it, as a matter of course. In Randolph she lives with a family of excellent people who have known her since she was a child, and to whom, though they rejoice with perfect happiness over her success, she is always the girl whom they knew before she had made that success. She is more like a daughter and a sister in this household than anything else, and she accepts the relation with the completest loyalty and devotion. She has retirement here without solitude, and, with what people call "literary society" well within her reach if she feels the want of it, it certainly need not be too much with her at Randolph.

"REALLY A MELODRAMA."

WHEN the cynic was told, says a writer in *Harper's Magazine*, that *Quo Vadis* was the most popular and had sold the best in this country (America) of all the books of the Polish novelist Sienkiewicz, he said, "That is what I should have predicted, for it is his poorest." This judgment needs explanation and qualification. The implication is that the Roman novel was popular because it is poor, and that its popularity implies a want of public discrimination. It is true that *Quo Vadis*, in the view of literary criticism, is the poorest work of this brilliant author, but there are other reasons why it was more popular than the Polish trilogy of great romances. Some of these reasons are found in its subject. Any story about the early Christians and about their persecution is sure to attract wide and alert attention. The public also know about Nero, and like additional reasons for hating that violin-playing monster, who is believed to have sat on a terrace and played on some sort of a musical instrument after he had set Rome on fire. These matters are familiar, and they occurred in our historic line. But the other great romances of the author are on ground unfamiliar to us, and foreign to our sympathies. It was difficult for us to imagine the great wilderness of the Steppes, and to feel the whirlwind of barbaric and semi-Oriental passion that swept over them in the sixteenth century. The author, however, was on his own ground there by inheritance and tradition. He created his world out of materials native to him, and wrote without self-consciousness. In Rome he was under the disadvantage of being in a field foreign to himself; his work smells of the laboratory and the study—in a word, it necessarily becomes somewhat archeological. That is the common fault of classic novels generally, written by modern novelists. Ebers's Egyptian stories are an extreme illustration of this: they all smelt of bitumen and mummy-wrappings. In order to reproduce his Roman world the writer has to explain too much. We can fancy how encumbered and uninteresting (except to the archeological student of a later age) a novel about New York would be if the writer were compelled to stop and explain and describe every house, room by room, with all the furniture, every vehicle, every utensil of use or pleasure, every dress and ornament.

Sienkiewicz was under this disadvantage in attempting to reproduce, by books and monuments, the Rome of Nero. But there is something more to be said. He is a genius, and a short story by him, called *Let us Follow Him*, showing the effect of the crucifixion upon the pagan mind, is evidence of his ability to throw himself into the past without committing the fault he has fallen into in *Quo Vadis*. It would seem as if the great novelist had been affected by the modern wave of sensationalism that has swept from their moorings so many writers, and had yielded to it. This is not saying that there are not powerful scenes in *Quo Vadis*, scenes that make the reader hold his breath. It is not saying that the author has abandoned his power of creation—witness the character of Petronius. But *Quo Vadis* is really a melodrama, and not to be compared as a work of art—that means an enduring work—with *Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge*, and *Pan Michael*, nor with that intense study, *Without Dogma*.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

THE cries of the literary week have been of Ibsen, and the manner of honouring him. In another column we print a Birthday Diary, and between our pages a comfortable portrait of the author of *Ghosts* has been allowed to stalk.

M. EDOUARD ROD, the French novelist, lectured on the Novelist's Art on Wednesday afternoon at Stafford House. M. Rod read his address from MS. in the French language. In an interview this week with a representative of the *Daily Chronicle*, M. Rod fired off a few of his literary preferences. Here they are:

M. Rod has read Mr. Thomas Hardy's novels with pleasure:

"The best of his works, in my opinion, is *Jude the Obscure*. *Tess*, again, is a masterpiece, but it betrays, perhaps too clearly, Zolaesque influence."

Concerning Mr. Kipling:

"He strikes me as an entirely fresh and original mind. The comparison that is so often drawn between him and Maupassant seems to me far-fetched. Each writer deals with altogether different themes, and it is indeed very difficult to establish any parallel between them."

Mrs. Humphry Ward has captivated M. Rod:

"I must mention *Robert Elsmere*. The noble gravity with which the spiritual tribulations of a scrupulous and intellectual man are treated by the authoress cannot be overpraised."

And another English woman writer has M. Rod's homage:

"The *Story of an African Farm* will always appeal powerfully to everyone who can think and feel, but I am convinced that her last work, *Peter Halket*, is the best thing she has

done. Indeed, it is one of the greatest productions of the present generation."

And—more compliments:

"How can I forget to mention the name of Vernon Lee, whom I had the pleasure of seeing only a few weeks ago at Florence, and whose charming conversation at once reminded me of the subtle, delicate, and penetrating literary art of the authoress of *Euphorion*? And Mme. James Darmesteter, whose lyrics have afforded me such keen delight, not to speak of her prose works. Few things in my opinion can equal the magical delicacy with which she has recalled in her *End of the Middle Ages* the fascinating personality of Beatrice d'Este."

ONE of Aubrey Beardsley's last drawings—"The Death of Pierrot"—bore this legend: "As the dawn broke, Pierrot fell into his last sleep. Then, upon tip-toe, noiselessly up the stair, silently into the room, came the comedians, Arlechino, Pantaleone, Colombina, and Il Dottoro; who, with much love, lifted in their arms and bore away upon their shoulders the white-froaked clown of Bergamo. Whither we know not." There can, the *Saturday Review* thinks, be no doubt that the Pierrot of this drawing and this fascinating passage was meant by the artist to be himself.

THE next volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography* will contain a memoir of R. L. Stevenson by Mr. Colvin. Meanwhile the *Outlook* prints this communication from "L. O.," whom we take to be Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, in America: "Stevenson has a stronger position here amongst teachers, &c., than he has in Britain. On this side of the water the Edinburgh edition is unobtainable at any price, and it is pleasant to think that it has in general been bought by really poor men—men who really stunted themselves to obtain it." Our contemporary adds that the Edinburgh edition was selling in San Francisco for £4 a volume in 1895; and the price has since risen!

THE literary preferences of the great are always interesting. We have just seen M. Edouard Rod's. Here are Ian MacLaren's, or, rather, they may be found in the *British Weekly*, filling three and a half columns. The considerate editor prints the following synthesis at the top of the first column: "The Scottish novelist, clergyman, and lecturer picks from the foremost shelf of his library of fiction two standard classics—*Esmond* and *The Heart of Midlothian*—and contrasts them as the highest types of the literary art."

THE first number of *The Modern Quarterly of Language and Literature* lies before us. The editor is Mr. Frank Heath, and among his contributors are Dr. Furnivall, Prof. Dowden, Prof. York Powell, Prof. Ker, and Prof. Herford. The prefatory note by the editor is modest and concise:

"Very few words are called for by way of prologue to the *Modern Quarterly of Language and Literature*. It is hoped that it will speak for itself to all those who are interested in literature and scholarship, and that in its catho-

licity will be found the best warrant for its success. To the smaller circle of students who welcomed the *Modern Language Quarterly* of last year, this publication will wear a familiar face, but it will be recognised as being better proportioned and more carefully arranged than its prototype. Its aims will be the same in spirit, though wider in range, and with the added definiteness which is born of experience. It will remain broad in sympathy and earnest in its endeavour to offer an increasingly efficient means of bringing before all who care for the study of modern literature and tongues, and see their supreme value for our very existence as a nation, the best work which is being done in this fruitful field of research."

Opposite, we are confronted by the bland smile of Dr. Furnivall, beautiful in imperishable photogravure.

So far all is simple. But on the second page we are offered a hard nut to crack in the shape of the following sonnet:

"To the Onlie Begetter of
This insuing Sonnet
Mr. G. J.
All Happinesse Wisheth
The Well-Wishing Adventurer
In Setting Type. —J. M. D."

Whoever ill may wish, I set thy Will,
No Chapman-peddler, cheapening wares in Hall,
But sharp-Toothed watchdog, that forewarn
thee still,

When critic envy on thy rear would fall.
No more be Lamb, but as a valiant Knight
Fitt on thy arms, and with a Harry's state,
Bruising the Herbage, put thy foes to flight,
That from their Knoll's assail the Temple Gate,
Ithuriel, let once more thy Gol-den Lance,
Like Will's, the Will of Archers to defy,
Be brandished in the face of ignorance
Against those arrows that Fortnightly fly.

So doubt shall ne'er prevail my faith to kill;
No Thomas I, although I publish Will."

It will need the combined intelligence of Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. William Archer, Mr. Tyler, and the various other authorities on Shakespeare's Sonnets to elucidate this nightmare. Mr. Dent, the *Temple Shakespeare*, Mr. Gollancz—we see glimmerings of all these, but the rest is fog.

THOSE, says the *New York Critic*, who know Henryk Sienkiewicz say that he would rather go shooting or tramping over the mountains, any day, than write. He writes his serials from week to week, and sometimes in the middle of one, when the most exciting situation is reached, he takes his gun and disappears. His publishers tear their hair, but his-readers have to constrain their curiosity till he returns; when he takes up the thread of his narrative and carries it on to the end, unless another fit of restlessness seizes him. Before *Quo Vadis* was written, Sienkiewicz was supposed to have made 500,000 dols. by his pen. As that book has sold into the hundreds of thousands, after running as a serial, he must be a good many thousands of dollars richer to-day.

MR. W. J. STILLMAN has resigned his position of Rome correspondent of the *Times*. He intends in future to devote himself to literature and eschew politics, making his home in England. Meanwhile, Mr. Stillman is busy on his autobiography.

A LADY who for many years was on close terms of intimacy with George Eliot has sent to the *Westminster Gazette* the following interesting description of her, in reply to a very unfavourable account published in the *British Weekly*:

"How anyone—himself looking out of refined eyes—could call George Eliot's features 'coarse' I cannot for a moment understand. Massive they were, and reminded one in their power of Savonarola; in their sweetness and thought, of Dante. I have seen her face look perfectly beautiful; and once I remember—can I forget?—while talking to me with great earnestness and feeling, there was a light and glory on her face that made me think of the transfigured faces on the Mount, and that held me so spellbound with wonder and admiration, that I was never able to recall one word of what she had been saying. I have grieved over this, for she was speaking of what had been nearest her heart in writing her books.

So very far from being conceited or 'pedantic,' I never knew one more heartily modest, less self-assertive. Self-knowledge, naturally, she had, and great diffidence—very surprising to me in her. Her wide, kindly tolerance, her lovingness, her maternal compassion for the world's sufferings, and wrongs, her readiness to be pleased and amused, were to me most helpful and altogether lovely."

AN American critic has been at pains to "place" Miss Corelli accurately. He does it thus: "Miss Corelli, in our judgment, comes a little below Ouida in the scale of authors, and considerably above Miss Julia Edwards." He also says of the *Beauties* recently culled from Miss Corelli's writings: "We think that Corelli students will be glad to have the book lying on the marble-topped tables of their pensive citadels, and that Corelli lovers will give it a prominent place on the *buhl étagères* of their luxurious boudoirs."

THE Sette of Odde Volumes' dainty opuscula are well known to collectors of modern rarities. Before us lies an elaborate parody of one of these tiny pamphlets—an obfusculum, as the author calls it—entitled *Tudor Writers on Husbandrie*. And thereby hangs a tale, which runs as follows: Some four years ago Sir Ernest Clarke, the yeoman to the Sette, read a paper with the above title, and promised, in accordance with the Sette's rules, to present it to them in an opusculum. Time passed, however, and no opusculum appeared. Hence the preparations of this dummy, which consists of notes flanked by chaff of the dilatory yeoman.

HERE, for example, is a stanza from "The Ballade of Impatience":

"Where, where the Book we waited for so long—
The Book our Yeoman-brother vowed to write?
Weary we wait, and weary, wail our song
Yearning an-hungered for the Promised Sight,
Sad watchers counting, hour by hour, the night,
And all but hopeless, weeping in the dark—
(Children who look all-sobbing for the light.)
Where is that Book, that Promised Book, by Clarke?"

The jest has had the desired effect.

THE next performance of the Elizabethan Stage Society will take place at St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening, April 5, when Middleton and Rowley's romantic comedy, *The Spanish Gipsy*, will be revived after the manner of the sixteenth century. The music will be under the direction of Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch. This comedy was last acted at Whitehall on November 5, 1623.

HERE are the titles of a few of the lectures to be delivered at the Royal Institution after Easter:

April 19, 26, at 3, Mr. T. C. Gotch on "Phases of Art; Past and Present."

April 29, at 9, Mr. W. H. M. Christie, Astronomer Royal, on "The Recent Eclipse."

May 20, at 9, Mr. D. H. Madden on "The Early Life and Work of Shakespeare."

May 31, June 7, at 3, Prof. S. H. Butcher on "Literary Criticism in Greece."

June 3, at 9, Prof. W. M. Flinders Petrie on "The Development of the Tomb in Egypt."

To the announcements which we printed last week under the name of Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. the following should be added: a new work on Japan, by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, wife of the late English minister to Japan; a posthumous work by the late Sir Benjamin Richardson, with about fifty full-page illustrations; and an important ethnological book by the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson, entitled *The Human Race*, profusely illustrated.

THIS month Messrs. Cassell & Company again add the word New York to their imprint; which henceforth stands as London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne. It will be remembered that some years ago the company disposed of their business in America to a separate concern, known as the Cassell Publishing Company. The agreement under which this arrangement was made has now lapsed, and Messrs. Cassell & Company have appointed to take charge of the branch Mr. W. T. Belding, who held an important position under Messrs. Cassell & Company at New York prior to the transfer to the American Company.

IN view of Dr. Parker's pulpit jubilee, Messrs. Horace Marshall & Son are publishing six volumes of his Sermons, Outlines, and Suggestions, under the general title of *Studies in Texts*.

HERETICAL books are no longer burned; but their writers are still occasionally deposed from their pulpits by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. This was the fate of Mr. Alexander Robinson, formerly minister of Kilmun. The book which cost him his ministerial position was entitled *A Study of the Saviour in the Newer Light*. Persecuted books live long, and Messrs. Williams & Norgate are about to issue a revised and partially re-written edition of Mr. Robinson's work.

It has hitherto been found impossible to trace the birthplace of Ralph Waldo Emerson's English ancestors. This discovery has just been made by Mr. W. Brigg and Dr. P. H. Emerson. Full particulars concerning it will appear in the elaborate work which

the latter has devoted to the genealogical history of the English Emersons, and which will be published in the spring by Mr. David Nutt.

THE MARQUIS OF BUTE proposes to issue a second edition of his *Roman Breviary*. This was first published in 1879, and has long been out of print. Copies can only be procured now at a price enhanced to about four times that at which it was published.

LORD BUTE has also compiled an edition of *The Service for Palm Sunday*, which will be published by the Art and Book Company. Should the experiment be received with sufficient favour, Lord Bute proposes to issue in a similar form the services for every day in Holy Week and Easter Week.

MR. W. CECIL WADE, who has been making a close study of heraldry, finds that other writers have singularly overlooked the symbolical significance which lies at the origin of heraldic arms. In his forthcoming work *The Symbolisms of Heraldry* which Mr. George Redway is to issue, he inquires into the derivation and meanings of armorial bearings. The text will be illustrated by numerous cuts.

LAST week, by an inadvertence, we gave Mrs. Atherton's latest story the title, "American Wives and Husbands": it should have been *American Wives and English Husbands*. We understand that *His Fortunate Grace*, which we review this week, was issued in "paper form" last year.

IBSEN'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

A DIARY OF PROGRESS.

Some time in winter.—Mr. Gosse remembers that Ibsen's seventieth birthday is imminent, and makes a note of it in his Birthday Presentation memorandum book.

Later.—Mr. Gosse and Mr. Archer prepare plans for birthday present to the playwright.

Later.—A chosen few are permitted the privilege of subscribing a guinea to the birthday fund.

Later.—An order is given for a silver ciborium—acsimile of one made for George II.—a silver ladle, and a silver cup.

Tuesday, March 15.—Appearance of the Jubilee Chronological Edition of Ibsen's works at Copenhagen. Introduction by Ibsen, in which he says, very naturally: "Only by studying and mastering my collected works as a connected, unbroken whole, will the reader receive the intended and right impression. In a word, I would affectionately beg my readers not to temporarily lay aside or skip any single piece, but to master the works—to read and live through them—in the order in which they are composed." Readers begin, without skipping, to master the works.

Saturday, March 19.—Publication in *Chronicle* of letter to subscribers, and letter to Ibsen, both signed by Mr. Archer and Mr. Gosse, and list of subscribers. In the first letter Ibsen is complimented on his executive skill and intellectual intrepidity. "Some of us," it continues, "recognised your force and your distinction a quarter of a century ago; some of us have but lately come into the range of your genius; but we all alike rejoice in its vital power, and hope for many fresh manifestations of its versatility." General opinion being that the only English recogniser of Ibsen's force and distinction a quarter of a century ago was Mr. Gosse, readers are disturbed to notice the use of the plural.

Sunday, March 20.—Ibsen's birthday in Christiania. Arrival of letter from Mr. Archer and Mr. Gosse, accompanied by silver gifts. Ibsen is grateful, but has not the slightest notion what to do with them. Reads letter. Is pleased. Reads list of forty-one admirers. Is puzzled. Reads that only £53 11s. could be amassed for him. Is amused, but feels gratitude to Mr. Gosse for discovering him. Receives hundreds of telegrams and letters from, among others, King Oscar, Queen Sophie, the Norwegian Crown Prince, and Mr. Justin McCarthy. Christiania, Berlin, and other cities *en fête*. Special performances of Ibsen's plays on the Continent. None in London. *Christiania Oerebladet* announces that Ibsen's next work will be a philosophical review of his writings and life. Fireworks.

Monday, March 21.—Continuation of Ibsen *fêtes* in Norway. The *Chronicle* prints a poem of 238 lines, addressed to Dr. Ibsen by Mr. Archer. Ibsen is promised that when the futile fray that surges round his name has died away, Time, the unerring judge, shall arbitrate and hail him Poet great among the great. Ibsen is also called Thinker, Diviner, Seer, and Archimage. (The last word supposed to be a misprint for Archerimage.)

The *Chronicle* also prints a letter from Miss Dorothy Leighton regretting that the Independent Theatre was not asked to subscribe; and another from the Rev. Percy Dearmer laughing at the gift of silver, and affirming that a company of vestrymen, giving a presentation to a local politician—nay, a Jubilee commemoration committee—would have done better.

Elsewhere, the *Chronicle* states that great disappointment is felt among devoted admirers of Ibsen in England that they were not afforded an opportunity of subscribing to the bulk of present.

No performance of Ibsen play in London. No letter from Mr. G. B. Shaw.

Tuesday, March 22.—Conclusion of Ibsen celebrations in Christiania. Gala performance of "The Master Builder" in presence of the author. Students are refused permission to unhorse and drag Ibsen's carriage. Forming torchlight procession, they call at Ibsen's house. He addresses them from the balcony: "Builder Solness feared youth, but I don't fear youth. I never feared to know that you would come and knock at

my door. Come, I salute you with the greatest delight. Thanks! A thousand thanks!" No performance of Ibsen play in London.

Appearance, in a letter to the *Chronicle*, of the name of Miss Frances Lord, an early translator of Ibsen. Kindred attempt to win recognition for Mr. William Wilson, translator of *Brand*. The choice of George II.'s *ciborium* supported by another correspondent. No letter from Mr. G. B. Shaw.

Wednesday, March 23.—Article by Mr. Gosse in the *Sketch* on the "Great Norwegian Master." Reproductions of Ibsen's portrait and Mr. Gosse's autograph. Mr. Gosse tells how, on a burning summer's day in July, 1871, he entered the principal bookshop in Trondhjem and asked the assistant: "Have you got such a thing as a living poet in Norway?" In reply he received a copy of Ibsen's *Digte*. He read it, and was deeply moved; it seemed to him that this was a new planet. Hence became the apostle of Ibsen. In 1873, Mr. Archer succeeded him.

The *Daily News* prints extracts from the Copenhagen *Politiken*. Herein Mr. Pinero expresses the wish that the great poet and dramatist may continue long in the enjoyment of health and strength, for his own happiness and in the interest of the readers and playgoers of the civilised world. Mr. J. K. Jerome, though friendly to the Archimage, insists that he falls into the error of assuming that beauty is of necessity a cloak, hiding the truth, whereas, in the hands of stronger thinkers, it serves rather as a graceful garment, enhancing her charms. Mr. Walter Crane recalls staying in the same house with the Diviner in Rome in 1882-3. Mr. Zangwill declares that if the function of writers is to stimulate thought, to kindle emotion, and to inspire action, then must Henrik Ibsen be ever counted among the highest; and Mr. Stead pronounces that the Seer has broken for ever with the tradition which denies woman the right to independent existence, and treats her as the mere ancillary of man. Thereby he has made humanity his debtor.

No performance of Ibsen play in London. Threat uttered in the *Chronicle* by Miss Janet Achurch and Mr. Charles Charrington to write some day the history of the Ibsen want of movement in England. The same writers are scornful of the Philistinism, inadequacy, and irrelevance of the gifts and letters to Ibsen.

Letter (in the same paper) from Miss Frances Lord, adding the name of Arthur Clifton to the list of Ibsen's discoverers, and asking the *Chronicle* to start a rival fund for the Archimage. Refusal of *Chronicle* to do any such thing. No letter from Mr. G. B. Shaw.

Reflection 1. Presentations should either be very public or quite private. Reflection 2. Signatures to such presentations should not wander into the daily papers. Reflection 3. Persons prevented from joining in concerted schemes should not write to the papers, but send a private present by parcels post. Reflection 4. Bitter are the abuses of advertisement.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

A SKETCH.

THE author of *The Triumph of Death* was not fortunate enough to be born with a name so euphonious and befitting a poet as "Gabriele d'Annunzio." This is a pseudonym, and the novelist's real name is Rapagnetta. The biographical dictionaries give the date of his birth as 1864, but at first sight it is impossible to believe d'Annunzio to be more than twenty-five, so extremely youthful is his appearance. He has a slender, well-built figure, a pale oval face, large dreamy eyes, and a moustache the ends of which are curled and twisted aggressively skywards after the fashion of the Emperor William's.

He has been said to resemble a fair Pierre Loti, and to have all the non-chalance of bearing, and marked originality in conversation, peculiar to the sailor-Academician. Till last summer, when d'Annunzio came forward as a candidate for the Chamber of Deputies, he was living in great retirement either in his Florentine villa or at Francavilla—his birthplace—on the shores of the blue Adriatic, far away from engine-whistles and Americans, his pet aversions. Here, when he was writing *L'Innocente*, he worked in peace and sunshine without interruption—often for sixteen hours at a stretch. D'Annunzio's hermit-like tastes have hitherto made him the despair of interviewers; but in 1895 his admirer, M. Ojetti, visited him at Francavilla al Mare, and was allowed to report to the world afterwards some interesting details of his life there. D'Annunzio showed M. Ojetti his study in the ruins of a deserted monastery, where his friend the painter, Paolo Michetti, had also established his studio.

D'Annunzio is a keen sportsman. The sight of "the wheel" in the streets of Florence is as offensive to his artistic eye as are the great blocks of new buildings which for hygienic reasons have replaced the picturesque but unsanitary ghettos in most of the Italian towns. When in Florence, he has given his coachman orders always to take a circuitous route rather than drive him anywhere near the hideous utilitarian Piazza Victor Emmanuel.

A few years ago, when "The Triumph of Death" was running through the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in M. Herelle's superb translation, and the other two novels—*L'Innocente* and *Piacere*—which compose the "Trilogy of the Rose," were being devoured in Germany and exciting enthusiasm even in the unemotional Teutonic breast, Italians of culture still ignored their existence. Even now many eminent critics on the Roman press decline to recognise d'Annunzio as a power in the literature of modern Italy. D'Annunzio himself attributes this coldness of attitude on the part of his compatriots to the fact that he bounded into fame too easily and at too early an age.

He was only sixteen, and still at college in Tuscany, training for the diplomatic service, when he showed his father a copy-book of verses written in his spare time. This exceptional parent was so impressed

by their merit that he paid for their publication, and the boy awoke one morning to find himself famous. All the papers discussed, criticised, and admired *Primo Vere*, and prophesied a great future for the poetic prodigy. On the wave of this early success he went as a student to Rome. Then he became the victim of a reaction, and was as unreasonably abused as before he had been extravagantly praised. But abuse made him happy and proud, for, according to d'Annunzio, there is no stimulus to artistic production like hate. "Implacable hate," in his own words, "compels a man to produce if only to exasperate."

It was not in Italy, however, but in adoring Paris that d'Annunzio was arraigned as a plagiarist, and convicted of "lifting" whole passages from De Maupassant, Zola, and others of the naturalist school. Yet he somehow managed to emerge from even this ordeal unscathed and with increased rather than diminished popularity. As a mark of his appreciation of the favour in which the Parisians hold him, he elected to have his tragedy, *La Ville Morte*, performed for the first time at the Renaissance, with Sarah Bernhardt instead of Eleonora Duse in the part of the heroine. Of contemporary Italian authors d'Annunzio has a poor opinion. His favourites among modern Gallic authors are Paul Bourget and Anatole France. He declares that he has never yet achieved the feat of getting through a book of Zola's, having been bored to extinction by the minute and lengthy chronicles of the Rougon Macquarts.

Of the trilogy of the Lily, destined to follow that of the Rose, only *Le Vergini delle Rocce* ("The Maidens of the Rock") has as yet appeared; *La Grazia* and *L'Annunziata* have probably not yet been written, at any rate, they remain unpublished. D'Annunzio in his last novel, *Le Vergini delle Rocce*, has ceased to be obscenely erotic, but it cannot be said he has become more interesting. Even the sustained musical cadence of his prose, which here reaches its highest pitch of perfection, begins to pall, and the gorgeous word-pictures weary the mental eye with their lusciousness and their frequency.

What d'Annunzio's career as a politician will be is a subject for interesting speculation. The audaciously unconventional oration in which he appealed to the rustics of his birthplace to give him their votes was well calculated to inflame the wrath of the novelist's enemies, for it contained no allusion whatever to any of the vital questions of the hour. It was simply a harangue on the joys of existence, as exemplified in the speaker's own works. It was delivered in a hall decorated with banners, on which, instead of the names of the heroes of Italian Unity, were emblazoned the titles of the eight or ten volumes that d'Annunzio has contributed to the literature of his country. Here is an example of d'Annunzio's electioneering rhetoric:

"Men of my own land, to you I may boast and praise myself. . . . In the solemn stillness of a Sabbath afternoon, I would place in the hands, the gnarled and sunburnt hands of the peasant sitting beneath the oak tree's shade, instead of his scriptural

texts, that one of my books in which I have depicted with ruthless and unsparing art, the slow death of a human creature unworthy of the gifts of love and life (*The Triumph of Death*). And if the written word could be changed into the tangible thing of which it is symbolical, the man would be bound to feel as if he held in the hollow of his palm the full weight of his country, as in old prints the Kaiser bears the globe. His cottage of clay, his bread and water, the reaping songs of his daughters, all these would be bound to appear more sacred in his eyes than before. And one evening, should I cross his threshold, he would rise with reverence, not as in the presence of his master, but as in the presence of one who had been a great power in his life for good. He would say: 'This man knows me well, and has shown me what is best in me.'"

From this passage one naturally gathers that Signor Rapagnetta dreams of legislating for the needs of the bucolic mind rather than for the necessities of the bucolic stomach. But it is difficult to realise his picture of the Francavilla rustic who lives on bread and water, learning moral lessons from the pages of *The Triumph of Death*, almost as difficult as to imagine a plough boy of Hind Head grappling with the wonders of *The Egoist*.

THE RECREATIONS OF THE SELF-CONSCIOUS.

THE new edition of *Who's Who* contains 7,000 biographies of more or less eminent people, and of this number 6,000 favoured the editor with the names of their favourite relaxations. Here is an attempt to reduce these recreations of the self-conscious to a statistical form, in order to obtain some indication of the main tendencies of the cultured in their moments of leisure. First, a general summary:

Exercises of locomotion . . .	1,951
The chase . . .	1,162
Outdoor ball games . . .	1,102
Indoor: Games . . .	176
Handiwork . . .	295
Fine arts . . .	633
	1,104
Agriculture . . .	254
Science . . .	228
Racing . . .	43
Antagonistic games . . .	42
Marksmanship . . .	29
	5915

In this summary no account is taken of 119 people who profess a general interest in field sports. A specific analysis of each of these general classes will afford food for no little reflection.

LOCOMOTION.	INDOOR GAMES.
Cycling . . .	690
Rowing . . .	232
Travel . . .	224
Yachting . . .	187
Riding . . .	178
Walking . . .	149
Climbing . . .	100
Swimming . . .	55
Driving . . .	53
	79
	50
	38
	7
	1
	1
	176

LOCOMOTION.—(Cont.)	HANDIWORK.
Gymnastics . . .	39
Skating . . .	37
Dancing . . .	4
Ballooning . . .	2
Kiteflying . . .	1
	1951
	295

THE CHASE.	AGRICULTURE
Shooting . . .	503
Angling . . .	370
Hunting . . .	252
Stalking . . .	23
Coursing . . .	8
Hawking . . .	4
Pigsticking . . .	2
	1162
	254

OUTDOOR BALL GAMES.	FINE ARTS.
Golf . . .	473
Cricket . . .	255
Lawn Tennis . . .	184
Football . . .	51
Racquets . . .	40
Curling . . .	23
Polo . . .	19
Bowls . . .	15
Fives . . .	13
Croquet . . .	12
Hockey . . .	7
Badminton . . .	3
Shuttlecock . . .	3
Quoits . . .	2
Baseball . . .	1
Lacrosse . . .	1
	1102
	633

SCIENCE.	ANTAGONISTIC GAMES.
Natural.	
General . . .	71
Botany . . .	30
Geology . . .	24
Entomology . . .	15
Ornithology . . .	12
Microscopy . . .	9
Conchology . . .	4
Human.	
Ethnology . . .	10
Folk-lore . . .	4
Sociology . . .	1
Physical.	
General . . .	31
Astronomy . . .	15
Meteorology . . .	2
	228

MARKSMANSHIP.	MARKSMANSHIP.
Volunteering . . .	21
Archery . . .	7
Boomerangthrowing . . .	1
	29
	228

Taking the most popular twenty of these recreations in the order of their numerical importance the following table is formed:

Cycling . . .	690	Yachting . . .	187
Shooting . . .	503	Lawn Tennis . . .	184
Golf . . .	473	Riding . . .	178
Angling . . .	370	Music . . .	168
Hunting . . .	289	Natural History . . .	165
Cricket . . .	255	Walking . . .	149
Rowing . . .	232	Painting . . .	126
Travel . . .	224	Art Collecting . . .	103
Agriculture . . .	218	Climbing . . .	100
Reading . . .	211	Photography . . .	97

The significance of these figures lies in the proof they afford that the brain-workers of the land still rely in the main for their relaxation upon physical sports rather

than upon other forms of intellectual activity. A Sir Walter Besant may be satisfied to spend his leisure in "looking on," a Bishop of Oxford in "making out pedigrees and correcting proof sheets." But the typical man of cultivated employment is he who springs into his saddle, picks up his fowling-piece, or shoulders his golf sticks, after his work is done.

In the smaller numbers the comparative insincerity of these self-conscious revelations renders them useless for any purpose of statistical study. The composer of "Lux Christi" is not the only kiteflyer in England, there are others besides Mr. James Welch who play lacrosse, Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier is not alone in the practice of dominoes, nor is Mrs. Sarah Grand the only amateur sociologist in our midst. That Mr. Whitley Stokes is the only boomerang thrower in the land might perhaps be conceded, and the fact that alone among modern women Dorothea Gerard is brave enough to confess to a fondness for poker work is not without its instructiveness. Indeed, the revelation that there are no fewer than fifteen Englishwomen of distinction who still not only occasionally practise with the needle but are willing to admit it, is not the least encouraging of the results of this inquiry.

THE NEW COPYRIGHT ACT.

LORD HERSCHELL'S "Act to Consolidate and Amend the Law Relating to Copyright" has been read a second time in the House of Lords, and is now before a Select Committee. The Act is a particularly important one, and will probably become law before the close of the year. The following is a short summary of a few of the more important clauses of the Bill. We have purposely omitted all reference to colonial and international copyright. The sections dealing with these questions are particularly ambiguous, and will probably be materially amended in Committee.

(1) *Duration of Copyright.*—For works published during the lifetime of the author, the copyright endures until thirty years after his death. For posthumous works, until thirty years after publication. Anonymous works, or works published under a pseudonym, are treated as posthumous works, so far as the duration of copyright is concerned, unless a declaration of the true name be made to the Registrar of Copyrights.

(2) *Translation and Dramatised Versions.*—The owner of the copyright has the exclusive right of translating or dramatising.

(3) *Abridgments.*—If an author still retain a pecuniary interest in his work—either by receiving royalty or part profits—no abridgment may be made without his consent. If he has parted with the entire copyright, he cannot prevent abridgment.

(4) *Extracts.*—"Fair and moderate" extracts are allowed for review purposes.

(5) *Articles, &c., in Encyclopædias, Dictionaries, &c.*—The copyright belongs to the owner of the encyclopædia or dictionary, not to the writer of the article.

(6) *Articles, &c., in Periodicals.*—The copyright belongs to the author. The articles must not be reprinted without the consent of the owner of the periodical until three years after first publication.

(7) *Newspapers.*—The copyright only applies to original contributions and news independently obtained.

(8) *Lectures.*—The first public delivery is publication, and if the lecture be published in book-form the copyright dates from the public delivery. A report of a lecture is an infringement of copyright only when such a report is publicly prohibited by the lecturer. There is no copyright whatever in lectures delivered at universities, public schools, or public foundations, or "by any person in virtue of, or according to, any gift, endowment or foundation."

(9) *Registration.*—Registration at Stationers' Hall is necessary to establish proprietorship of copyright, and no action for infringement can be brought unless the copyright be so registered.

(10) *Delivery of Copies to the British Museum, &c.*—A copy of the best edition of every work published must be delivered at the British Museum. A copy of the ordinary edition must be delivered to the Libraries at Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh or Dublin.

THE WEEK.

PROF. MAX MÜLLER is superintending the issue of a collected edition of his writings—the work of more than fifty years. We give an extract from the preface with which Prof. Müller now sends forth his collected works. He writes:

"I hope that this Collected Edition of my principal works, besides being convenient to the student, will also serve to place the chief object of all my literary labours in a clearer light. At first sight books on Language, books on Mythology, books on Religion, and books on the Science of Thought, may seem to have little in common, and yet they were all inspired and directed by one and the same purpose. During the last fifty years I believe I have never lost sight of the pole-star that guided my course from the first, and I hope it will be seen by the attentive reader that I have steered throughout towards one beacon with its revolving light. I wanted to show that with the new materials placed at our disposal during the present century by the discoveries of ancient monuments, both architectural and literary, by the brilliant decipherment of unknown languages and the patient interpretation of ancient literatures, whether in Egypt, Babylonia, India, or Persia, it has become possible to discover what may be called historical evolution, in the earliest history of mankind. This could be done and was done by introducing historical method where formerly we had to be satisfied with mere theories or postulates, so that at the present moment it may truly be said that what is meant by evolution or continuous development has now been proved to exist in the historical growth of the human mind quite as clearly as in any of the realms of objective nature which Darwin chose for the special field of his brilliant labour. Language, mythology, religion—nay, even philosophy can now be proved to be the outcome of a natural growth or development, rather than of intentional efforts or individual genius.

In the early history of mankind, the influence of the many on the few can be shown to have balanced, nay, to have outweighed the influence of the few on the many. Even the founders of the great religions and philosophies of the ancient world have now been recognised as the children rather than as the makers of their time. The so-called *Zeitgeist* is no longer an unmeaning name, but a very solid body of historical facts, leaving their impress on every succeeding generation. There never was a break in the history of the human mind."

An important new book is Mr. W. H. Mallock's *Aristocracy and Evolution: a Study of the Rights, the Origin, and the Social Functions of the Wealthier Classes*. This work is a reply to those who ignore natural inequalities among men in propounding theories of social progress. Mr. Mallock insists on the greatness of great men, and argues that they are the indispensable members of society. Mr. Mallock places on his title-page the following lines of Byron's:

"Tis thus the spirit of a single mind
Makes that of multitudes take one direction,
As roll the waters to the breathing wind,
Or roams the herd beneath the bull's protection,
Or as a little dog will lead the blind,
Or a bell-wether form the flock's connection
By tinkling sounds, when they go forth to victual,
Such is the sway of our great men o'er little.

There was not now a luggage-boy but sought
Danger and spoil with ardour much increased;
And why? Because a little—odd—old man,
Strip to his shirt, was come to lead the van."

The series of "Tudor Translations" now includes Geoffrey Fenton's rendering in English of Bandello's *Tragicall Discourses*. These fill two volumes of the series, and they are bound in the familiar dark red buckram with the portcullis design on the back. In common with the other volumes in the series they are admirably light in the hand. The translation is edited by Mr. Robert Langton Douglas, who points out that Bandello's novels are typical products of the Renaissance, a movement which sent men not only to antiquity, but to an eager study of the life around them. He writes:

"Full of the inspiration of new ideas, with new senses opened to them, painters and poets, historians and diarists, physiologists and philosophers, dramatists and novelists sought to express what they saw and felt, and to satisfy in some measure the cravings of their fellow-countrymen. Of all these classes of workers, none appealed to a larger audience than the *novellieri*. In every town in Italy there sprang up writers who professed to relate stories of real life; and everywhere their works were eagerly read by the people. . . . Amongst the *novellieri* of the cinque-cento, Matteo Bandello stands pre-eminent. No other Italian writer of that age had a wider influence outside his own country; none was more popular amongst Englishmen. All the best stories in the second tome of *Painter's Palace of Pleasure* were taken from him; whilst Fenton's *Tragicall Discourses* is entirely composed of translations of his tales. These 'forreine reapportes' were soon known to

all classes of our countrymen. Everyone had heard the tragical histories of Rhomeo and Guiletta, of the Countess of Celant, and of the Duchess of Malfi."

MR. WILLIAM WALLACE, the editor of the new Robert Chambers's *Life and Works of Robert Burns*, has collected and edited the entire existing correspondence between the poet and Mrs. Dunlop. This volume is entitled *Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop*, and it includes all the previously published collections of this correspondence. But it also includes what Mr. Wallace calls the Lochryan MSS. These are letters which have been preserved at Lochryan, the estate which Mrs. Dunlop left at her death to her grandson, General Sir John Wallace. In the Dunlop-Wallace family these letters have remained ever since. They number thirty-eight letters and parts of letters from the poet to Mrs. Dunlop, and ninety-seven letters from Mrs. Dunlop to the poet. The new letters throw direct light upon the estrangement between Burns and his friend in the last eighteen months of his life.

THE BOOK MARKET.

THE WHITECHAPEL BARROWS.

OUR recent articles on the absence of booksellers' shops in the East End of London appear to have attracted a good deal of attention. The *East London Observer* is needlessly angry with us for having made statements which were instantly corroborated by seven East London clergymen and a lay correspondent. It will be remembered that our representative explored the great artery which stretches from Aldgate to Stratford, and took an inventory of the book-shops. He made it clear that his search was for shops in which new books are sold; and finding none to speak of, he carefully stated the fact, giving chapter and verse as he proceeded. But our representative did not suggest, as the *East End Observer* seems to think, that good books are not read in the East End. On the contrary, it was precisely his conviction that they are read which caused him to exclaim in astonishment on the absence of book-shops. The question he propounded was not whether East London reads books, but where it buys them. He expressly referred to the Free Libraries which are dotted along the route; and the largest of these libraries, that of the People's Palace, had already been the subject of an appreciative article in these columns.

A representative of the ACADEMY writes: "I have just spent a pleasant hour among the book-barrows which line the pavement in High-street, Whitechapel. This spot has an incorrigible cheerfulness. The barrow booksellers are kind to students and tasters; they know that the greater the crowd the higher will be its percentage of buyers. For, indeed, many who come to look remain to purchase. I did not mean buying, yet I bought four books. How

resist? These barrows seem to be prolific in the books one ought to have, that one has always meant to have, but which have somehow never been acquired. Hence I was pleased to pick up the best single-volume edition of Crabbe's complete poetical works for three shillings. It was a clean copy in half-calf, and cheap at the price. A good copy of Lord Braybrooke's *Pepys* in one volume was marked eighteenpence; but the seller, ignoring his own mark, asked, and received, a shilling. For Percy's *Reliques of Old English Poetry*—a book one ought to have, yet may easily be without—I paid another shilling. The edition was the fourth, issued by Templeman in 1839. On a barrow entirely consecrated to fourpenny volumes I chanced on Bulwer Lytton's *Poems* in two volumes. I remembered the descriptions of London in the "New Timon," and for their sake paid my eightpence. All these volumes were in good condition. Indeed, if I wanted to dissipate any unfavourable idea which the reader, untravelled in Whitechapel, might have regarding the condition of the books so cheaply obtainable on the book-seller's barrows, I might instance two volumes of the poems of Mr. John Taylor—not the water-poet, but a theatrical celebrity whose topical poems proclaim him to have been the friend of actors and worldlings in the twenties of this century. His effusions, filling two well-printed volumes, dated 1827, had taken seventy-one years to reach my friend's barrow, yet they were immaculately clean and entirely uncut. The poetry of vanity had but illustrated the vanity of (some) poetry!

The barrow bookseller from whom I bought Bulwer Lytton's *Poems* was very willing to talk. "Are fourpenny volumes your speciality," I said, "or is this a chance lot that you are clearing at the price?"

"Just a fourpenny lot. Next week I shall have a better stock. It is just as it happens."

"And where do you buy, if it is a fair question?"

"Everywhere. Chancery-lane Sale Rooms, of course; but everywhere, wherever books are going cheap."

"Provided the price is right, I suppose you buy whatever books are to be had. Your stock seems to be thoroughly miscellaneous."

"Yes; I can sell all sorts of books, and I like a good mixture."

"Still, there are books on your barrow which I should have supposed were quite hopeless. Take this old botanical work, and these volumes of sermons, and this obsolete dictionary of science; who wants obsolete botany, Blair's sermons, or science-teaching which was rife sixty years before the electric light?"

"Well, people do want them. A book may be on my barrow a day, or it may be on it three months—but the customer for it always seems to come along."

"And who, may I ask, are your best customers?"

"Difficult to say. We are well-known, and people come from all over London. West End booksellers often look us up, for they can buy at our prices and sell at a profit. City clerks stroll along here in their luncheon hour, and have a look round; and, of course, some of them are regular buyers."

"And what about East End people. Does the East End workman buy from you on his way home?"

"Yes, he does; and many and many a time has a man said to me, when he was counting out his coppers: 'Well; I shan't lose by this, for I shan't go to the public-house to-night.' Aye, hundreds of times I've heard it."

"Do you ever have a bit of good luck in buying books?"

"No; at least, nothing to speak of. I once had a bit of real bad luck, though. I found in one of my books an old Fleet Prison twopenny bank-note, and I sold it to the Guildhall Museum for half-a-crown. I found afterwards that I might have had nearer ten pounds for that bit of paper if I'd held on to it."

"Well, in the ordinary way, what affects your business the most?"

"The weather, to be sure. When it rains we cover up the books and wait till it stops, and if it doesn't look like stopping, we go home and lose a day's trade. It's not much of a living."

"Still, taking good and bad together——"

"Oh, yes, I get along."

CORRESPONDENCE.

ROUND TOWERS.

SIR,—As coming from one who has had great experience of books, Mr. David Stott's letter in your issue of March 12 is disappointing. No disrespect to Mr. Stott is implied in reminding him that what he happens to think upon the subject of Round Towers is not of nearly so much importance as his reasons for thinking it, yet that he confines his remarks to a mere *egomet dixi*, unsupported by anything in the nature of argument. He begins by stating that O'Brien's work on the Round Towers is "a discredited volume." If by this he means that O'Brien's theory is by general consent rejected, I may point out that it has powerful supporters. If he means that it is questioned by some, then it only shares the lot of all theories, without exception; whilst if he means that it is utterly undeserving of belief, he is simply begging the question. Next, he takes exception to your reviewer's "suggestions as to the probable need for the towers," on the ground that, as he expresses it, "a close examination of the towers would show that in every case your suggestions are somewhat out of date." Here, again, he is simply postulating. How does he know that close examination of the towers would lead to such a result? Has he examined them himself? If not, he is scarcely qualified to speak with such

confidence; but if, instead, he is relying upon inferences drawn by Dr. Petrie or others, then he is assuming the very point in dispute—viz., whether Dr. Petrie and his followers are right. Mr. Marcus Keane, who devoted much care and skill to minute examination of these towers, came to exactly opposite conclusions; the Rev. Canon Bourke, on more widely archaeological grounds, has done the same; and does Mr. David Stott consider himself qualified to decide the issue between all these rival authorities? In saying that your reviewer's suggestions are "out of date," Mr. Stott seems to be under the impression that Dr. Petrie and his school represent a more modern view of the case than does O'Brien and those who side with him. If so, he is mistaken. The works of Petrie and of O'Brien appeared simultaneously, both being competitive essays for a prize awarded by the Royal Irish Academy in 1832. Mr. Keane's work on *The Towers and Temples of Ancient Ireland* appeared in 1867, and Canon Bourke's *Pre-Christian Ireland* in 1887—which ought to be sufficiently "up to date" to satisfy even Mr. David Stott.

Mr. Stott's next statement is, I confess, one that puzzles me sorely. He assures your readers that

"the researches of Dr. Petrie and Mr. Joseph Anderson have shown very conclusively that, taking into consideration the form of these towers, their isolation, and their internal arrangements, as well as by numerous references in the early annals [*sic*], they were solely intended to afford an asylum for the ecclesiastics and a place of security for the relics, such as books, bells, croziers, and shrines under their guardianship. These things were regarded with extraordinary veneration by the Celtic tribes, and they took remarkable care in providing a place for them. The substantial character of the building attests that these towers were not built for any temporary purpose, but to resist the ravages of the Northmen—a constant source of terror."

Once more, let me remind Mr. Stott that the conclusiveness of Dr. Petrie's inferences (I say nothing of Mr. Joseph Anderson) is precisely the point at issue; which answers to the following questions might help in deciding:

1. Have any relics in the shape of "books, bells, croziers, and shrines" been discovered *inside* those towers? Or if not, how are the towers conclusively proved to have been used as depositories for the same?
2. If "the ravages of the Northmen" were not confined to Ireland, as we know is the case, why is it that Round Towers are found in Ireland alone, of all places in Western Europe? (N.B.—Mr. Stott must surely be aware that the two which exist in Scotland were built by Irish refugees from the Scythian invasion, and that England does not possess a single authenticated specimen of such towers.)
3. If Mr. Stott wished to hide himself or his valuables from expected marauders, would he elect to do so in a conspicuous tower, 100 feet high, which would be better adapted to invite than to baffle intrusion?
4. Seeing that "the ravages of the Northmen" were necessarily confined to localities

near the sea-coast and the banks of tidal rivers, how does he account for the existence of Round Towers in the remote "hinterland" of central Ireland?

INQUIRER.

March 12, 1898.

SIR,—There is another need for the existence of the tower, round or other form—the architectural or æsthetic one.

The correlative of the round tower exists in all systems of architecture. A spire is a necessity in a building; it gives the aspect of mental rightness to a structure. The harmonies formed by the upright motion with horizontal and oblique motions are readily felt when they occur in a painting. In architecture the same motions are used, but under different conditions; the cause of the upright motion in a building may be the contiguous landscape.

The era of the round towers was an era of architecture invariably right in its motives, and the use of the towers in that time as asylums must be taken to be the secondary use of them.

ARCHIBALD KNOX.

Douglas, Isle of Man:
St. Patrick's Day.

A QUESTION OF CRITICISM.

SIR,—Miss E. Nesbit asks: "Have the majority of our lyrics been written to commemorate the experiences of the author?" Surely the right answer is in the affirmative. So vivid is the poet's imagination, that the emotion which the lyric expresses has become his own experience, though the external circumstances of the imagined situation may be very different from his own at the time of composition. On this principle depends the poet's character for sincerity. The living poetesses on whom Miss E. Nesbit animadverts, who "either cannot or dare not attempt to express any emotions but their own," are therefore guided by a true instinct, however limited in its range their imaginative power may be. They will not sacrifice the essential quality of sincerity for a hollow pretence of breadth. And how beautiful poetry so restricted in range may be the late Miss C. Rossetti has given us manifold proof.

A conspicuous instance of the fusion of the imagined and the actual is afforded by Wordsworth's "Lament of Mary Queen of Scots on the Eve of a New Year," which the poet tells us "arose out of a flash of moonlight that struck the ground when I was approaching the steps that lead from the garden at Rydal Mount to the front of the house." Yet it moves us more deeply than any merely fancied emotion could.

And, after all, is it not faith in Browning's power actually to feel emotions arising in imagined situations that heartens his devotees for the struggle with the ruggedness and obscurities of his style? The poet's function is to create, and it is from him that his creations must derive their life.

—I am, Sir, &c., ALFRED E. THISELTON.
London: March 19.

DIALECT.

SIR,—I have followed with some interest (or shall I say amusement?) the discussion between Mr. Lang and Mr. Quiller-Couch. Being neither a Scot nor a West Countryman, I have viewed the encounter dispassionately; but a little consideration has compelled me to ask myself, not which of the two, but whether either of the two is in the right. For it seems to me that the real question to be put is a broader one than has been put as yet, and that it should be stated thus: "What is the true worth of dialect in general?"

A reference to Mr. Quiller-Couch's last letter shows me that the main points urged by the defenders of dialect are: (1) that dialects preserve large numbers of words and phrases which modern English has lost; and (2)—this chiefly—that to certain kinds of verse dialect adds a peculiar charm, essentially poetical rather than philological. To the former argument I venture to answer that, to my mind, the fitting place for such words would appear to be in a treatise on philology: if words follow—and I imagine they do—the law of "the survival of the fittest," the very departure of words from our normal speech shows that they are no longer required. Why, then, should they not be given honourable burial? Obsolete words are often extremely interesting—in their place. But if the words quoted by Mr. Burrow are examples coming under this head, I may safely appeal not only to Mr. Lang, but to all lovers of poetry and music—to say nothing of the Queen's English—to decide whether, in the case of such expressions as "blooth, tutty, colepey, hidy-buck . . ." that place is in a poem intended for modern readers. To the second argument I would return, that dialect *may* add a charm to certain verse, but that that charm is for native ears, which find a pleasant home-flavour in the familiar sounds, while only under exceptional circumstances does it exist for other ears. Scottish dialect, no doubt, has charm for a Scotchman, Dorset dialect for Dorset folk, but how many of the rest of us, I wonder, appreciate, say, the songs of Burns because of, and not rather in spite of, the dialect? And even then how few of them! What but dialect is the cause of the widely different estimates formed of Burns in Scotland and in England?—dialect, with its attractive home-flavour for the one, its repellent strangeness of flavour for the other.

Dialect, as a fact, has its place in art. As a means of giving the requisite local colouring and of evolving character, it has a right to appear in literature, but it should be sparingly employed. And even here, in proportion as a writer confines himself to one particular dialect, and again in proportion as this is the speech of few or of many, he must look for a restriction of the audience likely to welcome him. Mr. Barnes and others may write, but, unless they be geniuses, they must expect their audience to be scanty; indeed the whole matter becomes one of merely personal interest, and the writings have little or no intrinsic right to command general attention, as have works of merit written in the

national language. If Mr. Lang and Mr. Quiller-Couch are content to view things in this light, we are agreed.

But if authors are justified in their employment of dialect by the fact that it does actually exist, what justification, beyond that of actual existence, has dialect itself? Not very many years ago occurred the death of the Cornish language (*R. I. P.*). This, I grant willingly, may be a matter of regret for the Cornishman, of interest for the student; but let us regard it from a higher standpoint; let us suppose that Cornish, Welsh, Manx, and the rest, existed still as flourishing languages. Then either the inhabitants of the kingdom must be conversant with some half-dozen languages, or intercourse between the various parts must be terribly restricted, for it is obvious to what extent unity of language facilitates mutual intercourse, and tends to produce unity of feeling and thought. This surely is of the first importance. Diversity of dialect is not, of course, diversity of language, but it is a question of degree. So far as a dialect is but a local version of the common tongue, it is bad English; so far as it is more than this, it becomes an obstacle to be regretted and removed. Again, though the language may be musical and pleasing, I have never been able to recognise these qualities in dialect, but in their stead only roughness and bad grammar. And while we may occasionally regret the gradual extinction of the former, we should realise that, with no shame attaching, the weaker must give place to the stronger, that the gain more than balances the loss, and that the tributary tongues may well be proud of their submission to so magnificent an overlord as is our national English. And if this apply to the genuine languages, how much more to those nondescript provincialisms which we call dialect, and which have incomparably less to recommend them; instead of glorying in them, let us hide them, or publish them abroad only in the hope that exposure may bring on consumption and death. There is, perhaps, a certain measure of excuse for the Scotch, but when I read, "hech, mon, an' havena the braw Scots a'ready stown the cuddie?" (for it's varra guid Scots, ye ken!)-when I hear around me, "when her seed she down along with we back along"-instead of finding pleasure in the homely roughness, I ask myself, with more or less disgust, "Is not our true English sweet enough and strong enough for us all?" Both Mr. Quiller-Couch and Mr. Lang will, I trust, agree with me that our literary English-majestic enough for Milton; strong and rugged enough for Browning; sweet and melodious for Tennyson, yet sonorous and turbulent for Swinburne; calm and clear for Wordsworth and Arnold as passionate for Shelley; flexible to meet every demand-that this standard English of ours, I say, has no need of aid from any provincial archaisms or debasements. Let it rather be the aim of our writers to preserve its purity uncontaminated. Let them make use of dialect when necessary, as of a fact, but beyond that let them show scant sympathy towards it.

And now, having presumed so far upon

your courtesy, I will endeavour, with the help of my friends, the stoic philosophers, to prepare for the storm; for, though I have not the pleasure of Mr. Quiller-Couch's acquaintance, I am, as my address will tell you, a near neighbour of his. May he be merciful!-I am, &c. W. G. FULFORD.

Fowey: March 15.

A PLEA FOR PURER ENGLISH.

SIR,-Most heartily do I agree with Mr. Nesbit both in his criticisms on slipshod English, and in his belief that a great store of forcible expression is to be found in the various provincial dialects, which has not been adopted into the ordinary book-speech. But I should like to say a word as to "hull," which he gives as an example. In my native district (Rutland) "hull" is the word commonly used for "throw." In the cricket-field, one man will call to another to hull up the ball. A man hulls on his clothes when he throws them on hastily; a sudorific hulls (*i.e.* throws) him into a sweat. In all these cases "hull" is simply equivalent to "throw," and I have always taken it to be no more than a variation of hurl. S. C.

Rochester: March 22.

"TREWINNOT OF GUY'S."

SIR,-In your issue of this week, *Trewinnot of Guy's* appears as by "Mr. Coulson Kernahan."

An omitted "s" is a small thing to create a "difference" between husband and wife, but it has done so in this instance, I assure you.

The mistake is very natural, but I should be glad, for my wife's sake, and her publisher's, if you will allow me to relieve the book from the ban under which it might otherwise lie, and to inform your readers that "Mr." should have appeared as "Mrs."

-I am, &c., COULSON KERNAHAN.

"Thrums," Westcliff-on Sea:

March 19.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, March 24.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN LIBRARY OF THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE: S. AUGUSTINE'S CONFESSIONS. LAW'S SERIOUS CALL. FIRST PRAYER-BOOK OF EDWARD VI. Griffith, Farran. 1s. each.

NATURAL RELIGION: THE GIFFORD LECTURES. By F. Max Müller. Longmans, Green & Co. 5s.

THE CLOSED DOOR: INSTRUCTIONS AND MEDITATIONS. By William Walsam How, first Bishop of Wakefield. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co. 5s.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE CHETHAM SOCIETY: THE CHARTULARY OF COCKERSAND ABBEY OF THE PREMONSTRATENSIAN ORDER. Transcribed and edited by William Farrer. Printed for the Chetham Society, in 2 Parts.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND UNDER HENRY THE FOURTH. By James Hamilton Wylie, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 21s.

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE COLLEGE HISTORIES: CORPUS CHRISTI. By Rev. H. P. Stokes. F. E. Robinson.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD COLLEGE HISTORIES: LINCOLN. By A. Clark, M.A. F. E. Robinson.

FAMOUS SCOTS SERIES: MUNGO PARK. By T. Banks MacLachan. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1s. 6d.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

POINTS OF VIEW, AND OTHER POEMS. By G. Colmore. Gay & Bird. 3s. 6d.

WHERE BEAUTY IS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Henry Johnson. Byron Stevens (Brunswick, Maine, U.S.A.).

A NEW VARIORUM EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE. Vol. XI.: THE WINTER'S TALE. J. B. Lippincott Co. (Philadelphia, U.S.A.). 18s.

THE CLASSICS FOR THE MILLION: AN EPITOME IN ENGLISH OF THE WORKS OF THE PRINCIPAL GREEK AND LATIN AUTHORS. By Henry Grey. Sixteenth thousand. John Long. 3s. 6d.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE GREEK TRAGEDIANS TOWARDS ART. By John H. Huddleston. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

PHILASTER; OR, LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING: A PLAY. By Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher. Edited by Frederick S. Boas, M.A. J. M. Dent & Co. 1s.

FROM AN INDIAN COLLEGE. By James George Jennings. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.

WROXALL ABBEY, AND OTHER POEMS. By David Davenport. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

A TREATISE ON MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY. By Andrew Gray. In 2 vols. Vol. I. Macmillan & Co. 14s.

A NEW ASTRONOMY. By David P. Todd. American Book Co. (New York, &c.).

ARISTOCRACY AND EVOLUTION: A STUDY OF THE RIGHTS, THE ORIGIN, AND THE SOCIAL FUNCTIONS OF THE WEALTHIER CLASSES. By W. H. Mallock. A. & C. Black.

A MANUAL OF SANSKRIT PHONETICS. By Dr. C. C. Uhlenbeck. Luzac & Co.

NEW EDITIONS OF FICTION.

"THE CENTURY SCOTT": IVANHOE, AND KENILWORTH. T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. each.

EDUCATIONAL.

AN ARITHMETIC FOR SCHOOLS. By S. L. Loney. Macmillan & Co. 4s. 6d.

MACAULAY'S ESSAY ON ADDISON. Edited, with Notes, by Herbert Augustine Smith, Ph.D. Edward Arnold. 2s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WORCESTER CHINA: A RECORD OF THE WORK OF FORTY-FIVE YEARS, 1852-1897. By R. W. Binns, F.S.A. Edited by Charles F. Binns. Bernard Quaritch.

PROFESSIONS FOR BOYS, AND HOW TO ENTER THEM. By M. L. Pechell. Beeton & Co.

AN ETON BIBLIOGRAPHY. By L. V. Harcourt. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW: FOR THE ARTIST AND CRAFTSMAN. Vol. II.: JUNE-NOVEMBER, 1897.

A SHORT HANDBOOK OF OIL ANALYSIS. By Augustus H. Gill, Ph.D. J. B. Lippincott Co. (Philadelphia, U.S.A.). 6s.

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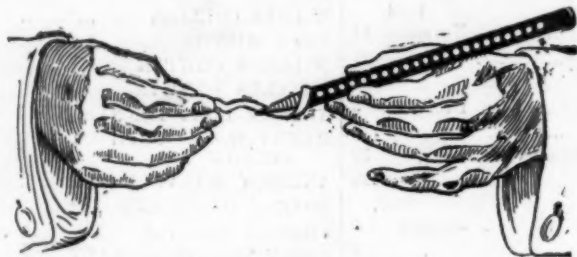
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